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# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



**F**ORTUNATE it is that lame duck congresses convene during the mellowed feelings of approaching Christmas time. The rancors of the rather notable political campaign of 1928 have passed and political party readjustment is a popular topic. There are enormous campaign bills to pay which encourage a spirit of humility—and obsequious friendliness goes with soliciting funds to pay dead-horse debts. The radio bill in the campaign of 1928 assumed generous proportions and likely represents the largest expenditure paid for the use of "air," hot, cold and otherwise, that has ever been made.

Governor Smith delivered a most fitting and good-natured address over the radio on the week after election, expressing none of the disappointments of the morning "after." He was given a joyful welcome and elected to spend his re-creative days in Georgia, one of the eight states that cast its electoral vote for him, with a staunch and unswerving support of the Democratic ticket through all the cross fires and cataclysms of the late lamented campaign.

From a port in California — Herbert Hoover set sail for South America on the battleship Maryland on a voyage of good will that is interpreted as a friendly gesture by the South American republics, some of whom have yet to learn the process of electing a president without a revolution. In this tour Herbert Hoover is only following the natural bent of his eventful career. He has a penchant for getting facts first-hand. I was with him on his trip to Alaska and know something of the thorough way in which he gathers evidence before he even essays to think out a conclusion. As a member of President Harding's party in Alaska it is safe to say that Herbert Hoover gathered more essential information in those six weeks than all the rest of the company combined, not excepting the president himself who frequently remarked, "Leave it to Hoover. He'll know all about it before we leave."

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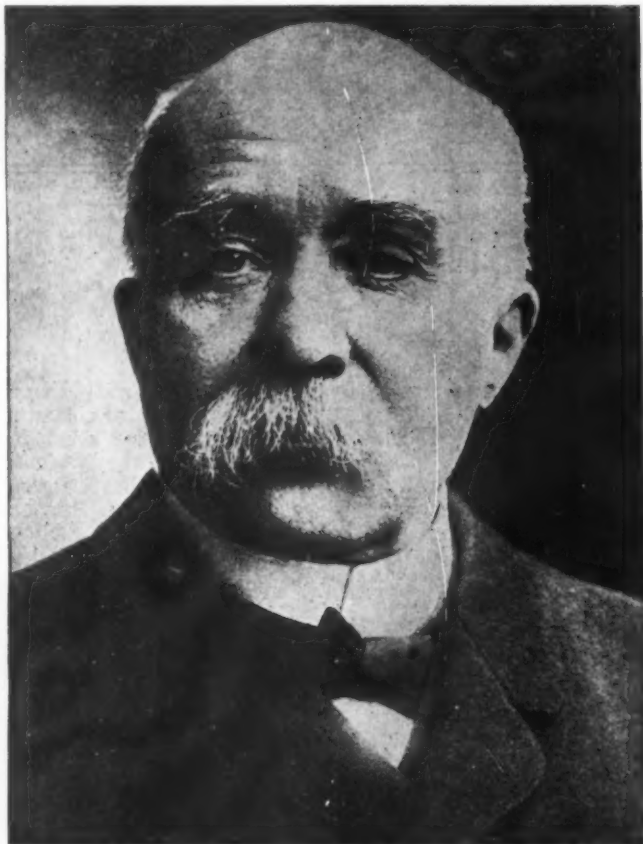
**O**N his tour Herbert Hoover passed not far from Nicaragua, the stirring scenes of another presidential election. I am wondering whether he will pass in this close proximity without knowing all about the prospects of building another inter-oceanic canal through Nicaragua. The necessity for another canal is already apparent not only in the congestion of traffic, but in the matter of having one passageway between the oceans that would not invite peril in case of war. The Nicaragua route was decided upon definitely by the Congress of the United States at one time and the old surveys would indicate that it was not far from proving the better route. How well I remember the gallant fight of Senator Morgan of Alabama who, to the very last breath of mor-

tal existence and to the last ditch in senatorial debate made a courageous finish — when Senator Mark Hanna and Theodore Roosevelt won their victory for the Panama route. There is a note of prophecy in the speeches of the sturdy old statesman from Alabama that is being re-read with a great deal of interest while Herbert Hoover is high unto or even across the borders of Nicaragua, following maps and details of the historic Walker expedition.



*Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, the Popular Novelist Who Lives in the National Capital*

Mexico as the elder sister of the Latin American republics is making a more friendly motion toward an amicable understanding than has been known since the hey-day of Porfiro Diaz's power. Ambassador Dwight Morrow has evidently accomplished much and there is a



*Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger of France*

suggestion on the part of some political gossips that he may be included in the cabinet list which is likely to be completed by Mr. Hoover before he returns in February—to face the onslaught of office seekers and well-wishers who are willing to be officially identified with what is prophesied already as an administration of unparalleled prosperity, resulting from an expansion of American trade to the Southward that will follow in the wake of this pre-inauguration tour of Herbert Hoover. The fact that the United States Navy is already establishing hospitals in conjunction with the Nicaraguan government is significant and shows that there must be an understanding in reference to a new inter-oceanic canal.

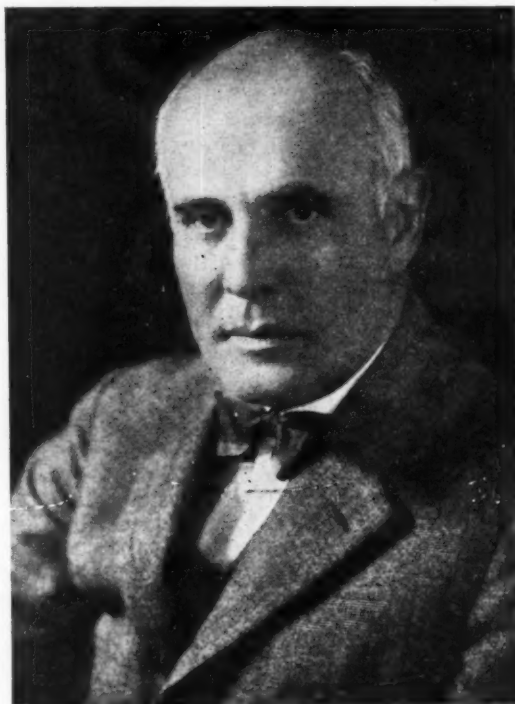
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**R**ADIO has disclosed that music is a food, as essential to life, liberty and happiness as bread and butter. It has brought about a process of distribution that is ideal, for the family in the humble home has the same advantages as that in the palatial mansion on the avenue. It has driven away the tragedy of isolation and been a magnet that has kept people at home, just in proportion as the motion picture and the motor car drew them away from home; one of those subtle powers of balance that come under the immutable law of compensation. While there is much left to be desired, radio programs have served to sweeten the home life of the country, and become the cheerful visiting friend of those along in years that are not equal to the tax of going out to see what's going on. It has enlarged the windows of the home bodies who can look out through the radio and gather the current gossip of a nation. It brings the same cheer

to the lonely home that the orchestra gives to the lobster palace and popular cafe. The folks at home can in fact hear the same dance music which their sons and daughters are enjoying in the zenith of their social pleasures. People are becoming so thoroughly educated with music that the old masters are giving the popular song writers a hard push for a place on programs. I find that my "home work" with a typewriter at hand is affected much the same as when music was introduced in old-time melodrama to indicate pathos, humor, sorrow and joy to go along with the words spoken trippingly upon the tongues by the oldtime actors in the glare of kerosene and gas footlights. Even the sound pictures indicate that sociability in the last analysis depends upon the spoken word which is the basis of all human communication. That is why old time actors still have faith that the theatre will come back to its own with the perfection of sound pictures.

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**T**HE passing of W. A. Olfield removes a familiar figure from the floor of Congress. The late congressman from Arkansas was greatly beloved by his colleagues of both political parties. His life career was an inspiration to the youth of his state, for he made his way by sheer hard work. During the last campaign, he gave devoted and loyal support to his friend, Senator Joe Robinson, the candidate for vice-president on the Democratic ticket. W. A. Olfield made an enviable record in his public career and added much to the influence of his state in national affairs. A genial soul, he will be sadly missed when his familiar face is absent which his associates meet again, for almost his entire life was devoted to Congressional work.



*Francis H. Sisson, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Co. New York*

**E**VER since my interview with Georges Clemenceau, during the war, I have followed with the greatest of interest the activities of the Tiger of France. At that time he virtually held the fate of the allied nations in his firm grasp, with but one thought in his mind—and that was to "win the war." Since then he has been in seclusion at his native town in the north of France. Now the dispatches reveal that he is tired of politics and has decided to "step out" again in Paris and make another

visit to America. The sweetest and tenderest memories of his life are associated with the time when he was professor of French in a Connecticut college and wooed and won for his wife an American girl. To evidence that the Tiger is up-to-date, one has only to read his recent interview in which he has indicated that he is thoroughly familiar with the mystic meaning accorded to "apple-sauce" in American affairs. Here are the words recorded in an interview which indicate that the lively and unconquerable spirit of youth is reflected in observations that are not usually associated with men who have lived past four-score years and spent most of their lives in the turmoil of editorial strife and political maelstroms:

broken from foundation to turret. Altogether it seemed like a Republican year along the Mason and Dixon line. The farm bloc have been shorn of their power and will cut little figure in the legislative programs of the two leading parties.

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THEY call it a Hoover market. In November stocks bounded up and up in Wall Street until it would seem that there is not room to turn over for another fraction of a point. Some of them have hit the ceiling and bounded back, but it was the wise old veterans that have been stung in the way of neglecting to get in while the going was good on the upward trend. Now



Senor and Senora Claudio G. Mendoza of Havana, Cuba



Homer Rodeheaver, the Singing Pal of Billy Sunday, now a Music Publisher



Dr. Boyd-Carpenter, B.A.; M.A.; LL.B.; of Washington

"Once and for all I want to tell you that I am through with politics," he shouted. "Some people think there is glory in it. I will tell you what it is,—politics. Its rhubarb. Americans call it apple-sauce. I call it rhubarb. Because rhubarb is worse.

"I've never known such happiness as these last few years. I've read a number of books and I've written a few myself. From the novelists and romancers I learn that life is an unknown and unsounded drama."

"Where do we come from? Where do we go?" asked Mr. Clemenceau. "I have always admired those who admit having special light on the subject. Listen. One day I was at Victor Hugo's house. His salon was full of people. Everybody was silent while Hugo talked, as was his habit. He was discoursing upon the problem of destiny.

"As far as I am concerned," said Hugo, "I have no uncertainty nor anguish. I know that after my death I am going to inhabit the sun."

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THE short session that assembled the first Monday in December according to Constitutional provision, has always been called the lame duck congress, but a swan song as a large number of the 435 representatives who are supposed to respond to the roll call will continue to answer "present" after March 4th. The Republican tidal wave has enabled many in office to continue drawing their \$7,500 salaries and the perquisites and look forward to at least two years of real work for their constituents. In spite of the upheaval on the presidential ticket in the southern states, there was very little change in the congressional representation, except in some of the border states like Kentucky where the Solid South was really

the young fellows who have taken their profits are shaking their fingers at the conservative old bankers who have been looking wise and predicting the reactions that have not yet appeared on the schedule. Some insist that the market was upheld because the people have taken hold and have run away with the whole outfit which Wall Street has been cleverly and deftly controlling, pyramiding their profits by the wave of a hand or a lead pencil, indicating that they will buy or sell some of the fluid values that float along on the tape, indicating whether lambs have won or lost. It's gambling, in the pure essence of the word, but what is life or any occupation but a gamble? Some may be disappointed in their anticipations that the Hoover administration will augment this process of adding wealth to the nation. One great question that has been asked by the public in the past of those possessing sudden and swiftly swollen fortunes is: "Where did you get it?" That has been brought out in a series of hearings and a process of legislation that leaves much yet to be desired. The next question will likely be: "What are you going to do with it?" The spectacle of private individuals leaving hundreds of millions of dollars to thousands of incompetent and non-constructive heirs will not always be tolerated. The next process is likely to be some system of distribution that will go along with the other ideals associated with development of a real democracy.

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AFTER his strenuous campaigning, Mr. Ogden L. Mills, Under-secretary of the Treasury is now believed to be in line as ambassador at the Court of St. James or as successor of Andrew W. Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury. He has had a thorough training



under Secretary Mellon and his experience as a member of Congress and a campaigner as a candidate for Governor of New York has indicated that he is not a novice in knowing how to handle public affairs in whatever capacity he undertakes. The campaign has also brought him into the spotlight as a political leader in his own state. His work on the readjustment of the Liberty Bond situation over the radio has brought him in close contact with

cent years has become more or less of a glorified presentation of some of the stirring dramatic episodes heralded in the newspapers as the periodic sensations come and go, so that each section of the country must have its own pet murder trial or scandal on which to focus attention and satisfy the craving for drama and romance in real life, which has always made truth stranger than fiction, so that real life may ultimately become mere fiction after all.



*The late George T. Harding, the Father of President Warren Harding*



*Chief Justice William Howard Taft of the Supreme Court Who Celebrated His Birthday During the Recess Period*



*Congresswoman-Elect Ruth Bryan Owen*

the people in matters of vital concern to their own particular pocket books.

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NOW come the justices of the highest tribunal of the nation, unanimously insisting upon more courtesy. They administered an unprecedented rebuke to the counsel in the New York 7-cent fare case, and summarily dealt with the lawyers on both sides in calling for new briefs and a re-argument of the case, dealing with facts and eliminating political and irrelevant bunk. The rebuke was looked upon as a warning to attorneys throughout the country that the patience of the Supreme Court is strained over the slipshod manner with which counsel load the records with flapdoodle irrelevancies. The suggestion has been made that high-priced attorneys might have their briefs effectively edited by the low-priced desk editors who understand the virtue of brevity and directness in dealing with the news of the day.

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I N recent years the national capital is becoming more and more of a literary center. Authors seem to delight in doing their work in the atmosphere of the gay social and cosmopolitan life of Washington. For some years Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart has made her home in Washington, together with many other prominent novelists. Rumor has it that there is likely to be an epidemic of fiction-so-labeled—dealing with the conditions and the dramatis persona that is cast in each succeeding administration for a new play on the bill. Fiction of re-

A STATELY, old-fashioned Christmas celebration is promised in Washington. The effort to substitute the beautiful poinsettia for the old-fashioned holly has failed, for Washington is in the land of holly. One cannot disassociate this little red berry and its thorn-like leaves with memories of the One who wore the Crown of Thorns, the tragic culmination that followed his birth in the blue dawn of Bethlehem, which continues as the one great universal merry-making season for all Christendom. Customs in commemorating the event may change, but the traditions all center in a purpose of mellowing the heart with the spirit of gentleness and good will associated with the memory of the One whose birthday has been more commemorated than that of any other individual who ever trod the earth. It continues to represent the Gift of gifts that come with the Yuletide.

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WASHINGTON will be host in December to one of the most significant gatherings of the decade. The First International Civil Aeronautics Conference, at which 54 nations will be represented, was set for December 12, 13 and 14 at the Capitol City.

Significant of the march of progress will be the gathering of aviation notables from all parts of the world to observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first flight of power driven aircraft by the Wright Brothers. It was first suggested by President Coolidge and is sponsored by the Department of Commerce, with invitations to foreign



powers bearing the official stamp of the Department of State. The committees to handle the event include the names of many leaders of American aviation.

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**I**N Washington there is a keen interest in the personnel of college presidents. From Providence, up in Rhode Island, comes word that Rev. Clarence Barbour, D.D., president of Rochester Divinity School of Rochester, N. Y., has been unanimously elected to succeed William P. Faunce who has been head of Brown University for thirty years. Dr. Faunce will retire in his seventieth year next June to become president emeritus. He has been a well-known and well-loved character for many years. His retirement recalls the commencement at Brown in 1925 when, too ill to attend, he addressed the graduating class over radio from his home rather than let them go without a word of farewell.

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**F**RED STONE, famous actor, although around again after a bump in an airplane crash, was enabled by radio to return to his public. He and his daughter-protege, Dorothy Stone, were heard through the National Broadcasting Company system November 12.

This novel program emanated from three widely separated points of origin. Musical merriment at the opening of the hour was credited in the Chicago N. B. C. studios by the famous "Singing Reporters," Billy and Eddie Gorman.

Fred Stone next entered the program from a hospital in New London, Conn., where microphones had been installed at his bedside by N. B. C. engineers. Theatrical enthusiasts, recalling Stone as the stellar attraction in "Stepping Stones," "Criss Cross" and other shows, remember him also as an exponent of clean dramatics and as a fascinating humorist.

Dorothy Stone, veritably a "chip off the old block," followed her famous father in the diversified program. Her portion of the entertainment was broadcast from backstage at the Globe Theatre, New York, where she is appearing in "Three Cheers." Due to Stone's aerial mishap, Will Rogers is pinch-hitting in "Three Cheers" for his old pal.

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**T**HE greatest radio program came out of the ether Saturday night on the 20th, following the enthusiastic afternoon of football scores, and alibis. In the evening the millions of people all over the world was brought voice to voice with the President of the United States, Secretary A. W. Mellon and representative of Great Britain and John Grier Hibben of Princeton. The greatest of all the cheery voices was that of Thomas Edison. The occasion was the presentation of a gold medal presented by congress to Mr. Edison, the highest honor that can be bestowed upon any American citizen by the United States. It seemed uncanny to hear at the fireside a classical address by Calvin Coolidge as if he was talking face to face with Thomas Edison from Washington. It was a change from the blah of political campaigns and struck a key note that must have set people thinking even incidentally about the political campaign.

It was a hookup that covered the entire country, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, South America, the British Isles and Europe, the most extensive production of a human voice ever known in history. The program was arranged by Owen D. Young of the Edison Electric Company and celebrated the 149th anniversary of the first incandescent light, which now illuminates the world.

After the President's address, Secretary Mellon's address was a notable document and a most complete radioed program of the distinguished scientist. The British government returned to Mr. Edison the first phonograph which he had sent to them for the South Kensington museum fifty years ago. How precious were the

minutes when I heard the cheery voice of Edison in his 87th year, responding in his own inimitable natural way. He even reproduced the first words which were produced on the phonograph, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," and other rhymes learned in childhood.

The address of Doctor Hibben was an utterance that should be preserved as a special tribute of science to Mr. Edison. He repeated from an address he delivered many



*Fred Stone on His Favorite Polo Pony at His Connecticut Ranch*

years ago at Menlo Park. On the manuscript of that address was a characteristic comment by Mr. Edison. If the National Broadcasting Company and the radio stations can approach the standard of production or even a semblance of this program they will have the eternal gratitude of every man, woman and child who has ears to hear over the radio. It was peculiarly an event that typifies Thomas Edison whose great objective has ever been to apply the triumphs of science for the comfort, convenience and inspiration of all the people. How often have I heard him say that anything that cannot be produced for the use of all the people all of the time is short of the mark.

How I longed for television on this wonderful night, just to have a glimpse into that laboratory in New Jersey with the little group of friends gathered to do honor, felt and expressed by millions of people all over the world at this epochal moment in history. It repudiated the old saying that Republics are ungrateful. For a tide of love and admiration followed the Hertzian waves from all parts of the world to the heart of Thomas Edison whose quivering voice told how he was deeply affected by this outpouring tribute of love and esteem.

Following this the program continued a notable concert by the Navy band at Washington with marches that reflected the distinctive American spirit. One could picture the President of the United States in the Red Room at the White House "listening in" to Thomas Edison, and the other speeches responding to his eloquent tribute. What a thrill came to me to realize that for over thirty years it has been my privilege to make a pilgrimage to the Edison Laboratory at least every two or three months and hear his words of praise for the "Heart Throb" and

"Heart Songs" books that reflect his own ideas of revered ideals and the pulsating thought and sentiment of the American people—proving an overwhelming appreciation of things worth while.

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THE passing of Dr. George T. Harding, father of the late President Warren G. Harding, removed a picturesque figure from the personalities associated with the White House. Dr. Harding was a country physi-

THERE is a trio of "Ruths" who are members of Congress. The three representatives on the floor of the House for the seventy-first Congress representing the gentler sex will be Ruth Bryan Owen of Florida, daughter of William Jennings Bryan, Ruth Pratt of New York and Ruth Hanna McCormick from Illinois, the daughter of the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna. The daughters of illustrious statesmen seem to know how to follow in their father's footsteps. Each one of the Ruths had their inspiration for a political career from their



Left to Right: Harvey Firestone, Julius Rosenwald, Thomas A. Edison, Sir Thomas Lipton, Charles M. Schwab, Henry Ford, Walter Chrysler, George Eastman, Thos. E. Wilson

cian when his illustrious son was born and was making a call when this son was nominated for the presidency fifty-four years later. Loved and respected in his community, he was brought back from California, where he died, to rest in the cemetery at Marion, Ohio, where sleeps a beloved and honored president of the United States.

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ONE of the most popular speakers at business conventions and gatherings of commercial bodies is Francis H. Sisson, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. His experience as a newspaper man since he began in 1893 as a reporter on the newspaper in his native town of Galesburg, Ill., has served him well in his work as a bank executive. He was also on the staff of McClure's Magazine in its heyday of 1893 and general manager of an advertising agency in New York, which has given him the well-rounded experience that enables him to discuss most effectively a list of economic topics that are of absorbing present-day interest.

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FOR some years, Dr. Boyd-Carpenter has been a resident of Washington, and has been described as one of the best informed men in the National Capital on China and the Orient, for he has lived in that country and has made a study of the economic forces behind the present chaos in China. He has also made extensive travels since 1897 in the Malay States, Ceylon and Australia. He was lecturer on International Law and Relations in Chinese colleges and universities and at one time the Parliamentary Secretary to Joseph Chamberlain, when he made a study of Tariff questions. He has been actively engaged in lecturing since his residence in Washington. He insists that the present one great problem of America—is Asia and the Pacific.

sires early in life. The ability of these three "Rs" includes something more than "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic," for they know their parliamentary rules and political maneuvers. Now, if a few Naomis will appear on the roll call, the bosses will look for a Boaz to sow the fields, but depend upon it, the Ruths will garner the grain and establish the ideal Ruth and Naomi relationship between womankind. After the Fourth of March, the ubiquitous Babe Ruth may retire to the shadows, for there will be a trio of real "home-runs" engaged in the big series legislative games under the dome of the Capitol that will absorb a portion of his diamond spotlight.

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ONE of the hospitable homes in Havana, Cuba, at which Americans are always welcome is that of Senor and Senora Claudio Mendoza. They met President Coolidge on his visit during the Latin-American Conference in January, 1928. Senor Mendoza and his good wife carry on the traditions of Espagna in their domestic life. There is a fatherly and motherly atmosphere that makes a visit with them seem like coming home. The Mendoza family for many years has been prominent in the Official and social, business and industrial life of Cuba.

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THOSE who have heard the clarion notes of Homer Rodeheaver's trombone or witnessed his leading the largest choirs at the Billy Sunday meetings can never forget the cheerful spirit of the man who radiates good natured religion. Rodey has made a legion of friends all over the country and after his trombone was heard in Washington heralding the good news of salvation to benighted members of Congress—he became a music publisher and continues to compose many songs that will be associated with the classic "Brighten up your corner."



# Christmas Memories of the Holy Land

*To Nazareth in a Rolls Royce—Bethlehem and the Plains where "Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night"—A pomegranate lunch 'neath Nebo's lonely mountain—A pilgrimage to the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem*

[From Joe Mitchell Chapple's new book "To Bagdad and Back"]

ALL my life I have wondered, with others, what sort of a place is the Palestine of today. Since boyhood there have been many times when, as I read Scripture or studied Sabbath-school lesson and stumbled over the—to me—unpronounceable words, I speculated as to the realities of the land of Israel. I had formed mental pictures inspired by the stories in the Word and the various scenes described in Holy Writ. My eagerness to see the land where our creed was nurtured and where the great drama of Time was enacted, was whetted on my journey.

Now came my first glimpse of the land of the Philistines, from the window of a Pullman berth!

And it was just like early morning travel in our own West; the same fine dust and sands of the plains, and the same hands extended for tips, "baksheesh," on the Palestine express.

Imagine crossing the Sinai desert from Cairo in Egypt in a Pullman! Fancy traversing the Land of the Wilderness, through which Moses led the Chosen People for forty years, after their miraculous escape from Egypt and the passage over the bed of the Red Sea.

Subconsciously there came to my mind wonderment as to what would have happened to earth and civilization had Moses been provided as I was, with a seat in an observation car to sweep on into the Promised Land over rails of steel—for I returned to Egypt by sea in order to make the entrance to Palestine by rail.

There is a difference between the Lawgiver leading his wandering hosts on foot and the railroad journey of today covering the same course, with the screech of the whistle awakening the desert wastes.

Although the first town I viewed in Palestine was named Gaza, there was really nothing there to gaze upon. Some time before our visit, Samson of the Book of Judges had carried off on his shoulders up the hill above the town the city gates. Others followed suit, helping themselves until Napoleon staged a fight there on his way from the Nile to besiege Acre, damaging the scenery some more.

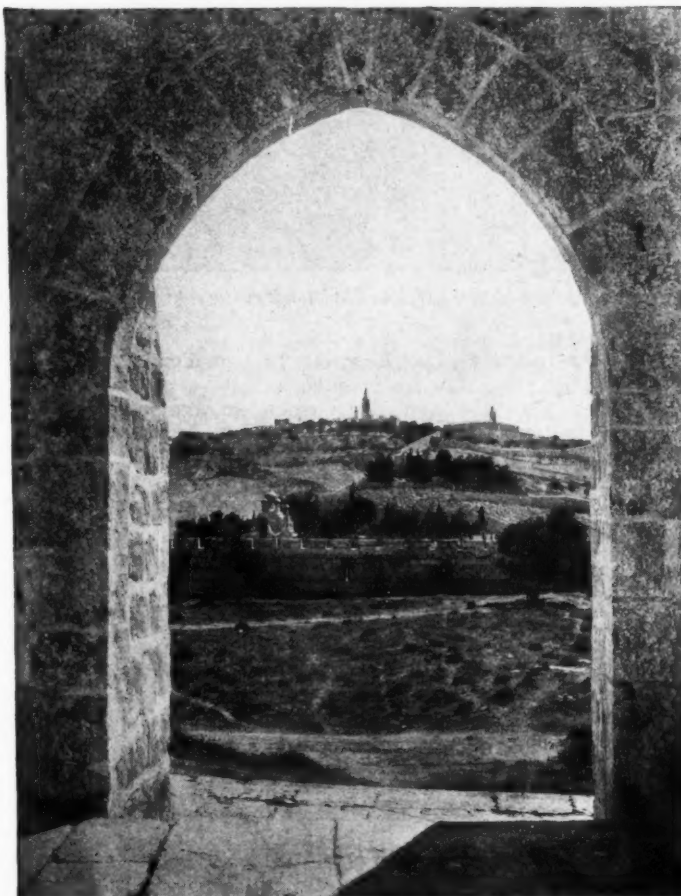
It was the center of hostilities during the World War and the gateway to the Canaan of Moses' day. The Promised Land I gazed upon bore little resemblance to "a land flowing with milk and honey." The scene that stretched out before me

Following in the wake of the ancient caravans, the locomotive chugged on and on, climbing toward the blue hills of Judea. We were now over the boundary—in the land of Canaan. On either side were small farms being developed by colonies of Jews, Germans, and Americans. Refugees from Russia, Austria and Poland have come thousands of miles and endured every conceivable hardship in order to have a home in Zion.

Men with long skirts and women in short ones with veils covering their heads were engaged in clearing away the wire-like sagebrush and trimming the cactus hedges, which grow very rapidly, and, as a barricade, are as formidable as a barbed wire fence. There is but one animal that can eat his way through it with impunity—the original teetotaler—the camel. He regards the prickly thorns as a condiment that seems to make cactus "hot-dog" a delicacy.

It seemed as if the Holy Land was experiencing a lively real estate boom. Blueprints of plots and corner lots were in evidence. Some of the California methods of exploiting acreage in unlimited areas were being used. Payment for land was being made, in some cases, in stock. At Tel-a-Viv, near Jaffa, there is a Jewish colonial development in which the energy and ability of Americans, using modern methods, have built up a thriving community.

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*Through the Ancient Arched Gateway a View of the Surroundings of Jerusalem*

was a bleak and dreary plain, suggesting the areas of dry-farming experiments in Montana and the "Panhandle" district of Texas.

Passing a solitary turbaned traveler plodding his way, I waved to him from the car window and was glad to note that he understood the American hailing sign and returned the "so long" salute. At the stations along the way small groups of natives with their camels and donkeys looked up and silently followed the passing train with their eyes. The genial "hail fellow" humor of the western-American water tank towns was missing.

Jaffa, the city from which Jonah sailed to encounter the whale. On the docks was a strange mingling of races and costumes. One American made himself conspicuous by whistling the bromidic "Yes, We Have No Bananas," although there were plenty of bananas on the wharf. Caravans were coming into the city and discharging their cargoes of wool, oranges that looked like lemons, grain, and olive oil, just as they did when Solomon, from the height of his regally embossed and jewel-studded throne, dispensed his words of wisdom.

On a high rock overlooking the sea, from which there was an entrancing view



of the Mediterranean, stood the house of Simon, the tanner. The site of the home of Dorcas, the first great woman missionary, located on a road leading out of the city, proved a magnetic attraction for the

ered about us, watching with as much interest as though we were two of the principal performers in a minstrel show. Harris smiled and remarked: "They're probably trying to figure out which one

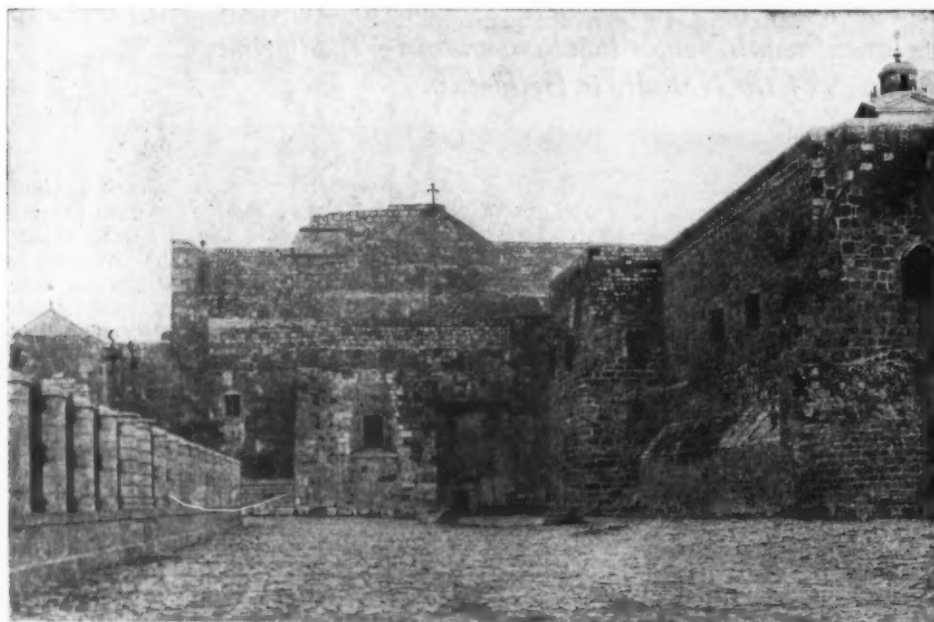
neighbors. As the chief commercial link between Damascus and Jerusalem, it is still a junction point for caravans.

Schechem is the home of a number of people who insist that they are descended from the original Samaritans mentioned in the Bible. The high priest claims that he is directly descended from Aaron, the brother of Moses, who, they say, wrote the five scrolls which they possess. Shown to me, they looked much like the Torah I later saw in the synagogue at Jerusalem, except that the parchment was yellow with years. The high priest proclaims that they were written not more than twelve years after the Israelites were led into Palestine. The orthodox Jews reject the scrolls as false and look down upon the Samaritans, who, in turn, claim to be the only true children of Israel, and despise the Jews.

The Schechemites still celebrate the Passover and Feast of Pentecost in the original fashion. They eat their Passover meal reclining as did the early Jews, and smear their tents with the blood of the lambs they slaughter for the feast.

Not far from Nablus, just below the road to Jerusalem, I came to the well at which Christ met the Samaritan woman. A priest of the Greek Church, wearing a tall hat without a rim, preceded me down the steps. The opening is about a yard wide. A receptacle, in which a lighted candle was placed, lowered into the well to a distance of fifty feet, showed that water was still there.

From nearby, the farm once cultivated by Abraham was pointed out. It was in this vicinity, at Mount Gerizim, the Bible tells us, that Mary and Joseph, when returning to Nazareth, lost the Child Jesus,



*Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, the Oldest Church in Christendom*

American women tourists. They carried their knitting with them and spent a real Dorcas-like afternoon at the ruins, sitting on the mosaic floor that marked the tomb of the brave woman who was raised from the dead by St. Peter. Here she was wont to sit and sew for the poor.

On the platform of the depot at Lud I met an American. I knew he was a fellow-countryman by the big fat cigar encircled with a "garter" that he was smoking. I hailed him and found we were neighbors in Boston. Isaac Harris, with his family, had just arrived via Port Said to spend a year in Jerusalem and the Holy Land. The children were to be placed in a school at Haiffa, while the parents were to follow out their plans and do something for the country and its people. He had visions of the Zion that was to be when Palestine, both in name and fact, was to become a homeland for the Jews.

"We want some place that the Jew can call his own," he said. "We want conditions such that the world cannot say of any of us, 'He is a Polish Jew, a Russian Jew, or an American Jew.' In this Zionist work we are proving that the Hebrews are great idealists and are as ready as ever to sacrifice and suffer for their ideals—to return to the land of their forefathers."

A successful lawyer, Mr. Harris gave up his practice in order to accomplish the work he and his wife long had in mind. A year in the Holy Land they believe will be of great benefit to the children, thus giving them the real and fundamental ideals of Jewish life.

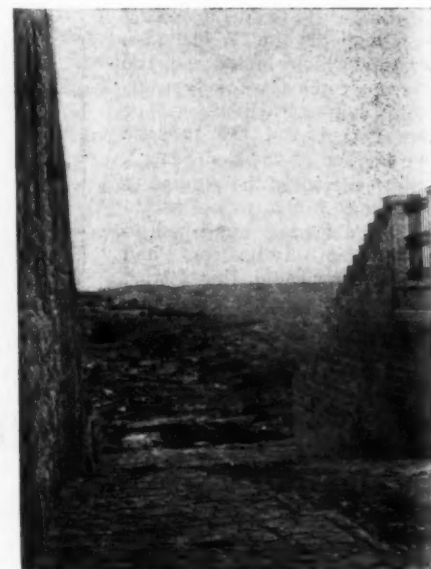
While we were talking, a good sized group of Arabs in mottled garments gath-

ed about us, watching with as much interest as though we were two of the principal performers in a minstrel show.

Not far from Lud, which, in ancient writ was "the city of merchants," I looked upon a picturesque scene that reminded me of an old Sunday-school leaflet. Here, in fields "ripe unto the harvest," oxen were trampling on the grain, and it was being flailed in the same way as in the days of Christ. Children playing about were working betimes helping to gather the golden kernels as the wind sifted the chaff from the wheat. There was nothing wasted; even the straw, ground to a dark dust, was packed in bags to be used as a forage for the animals. Lud is today a railroad junction, just as it was a stopping point in the days when the caravans, coming in along the roads leading into the city, met and exchanged the tidings of the time. Now, one branch of the steam railway leads on into Jerusalem, another to Jaffa, and the sleeper continues along the main line to Haiffa.

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Traveling by train was too slow, so I chartered a motor car. It seemed strange to be speeding fifty miles an hour "burning up" the dusty roads of this ancient land, but gasoline has made the whole world kin. The first stop was at the town of Samaritans at Nablus, or Schechem, as it was called in olden times. Founded long before Jerusalem was built, it is one of the oldest settlements in the world. At the present time it is a thriving town with about thirty thousand inhabitants, almost all of whom are Moslems. Some few Jews and Christians live and do business there, but they are hated by their Mohammedan



*A "step street" in Bethlehem*

and going back into Schechem, discovered him in the Temple teaching the doctors of the law.

\* \* \*

At the foot of the desert hills of Moab, by Nebo's lonely mountain where Moses

was buried, are the fields in which Ruth garnered the wheat. There hundreds of men and women were in the fields pulling up the tares, as told of in the parable of old, which, if permitted to mature, would give the flour a very bitter and unwholesome taste.

At lunch prolifically-seeded pomegranates played a juicy part, behaving like grapefruit operated on with a spoon. Later in the blinding glare of the early afternoon sun, I started toward Bethlehem. Stopping on the way at Rachael's Well, I looked upon the waters that may have quenched the thirst of Jacob, who, it is recorded, waited seven years for Rachael.

On the winding, dusty road we passed estates of some wealthy people who had accumulated riches elsewhere and returned to build new homes on their native soil.

Rounding a sharp curve on the hillside, we came upon Bethlehem, considered one of the most prosperous sections of Palestine. The Bethlehemites are, for the most part, descendants of the early Crusaders. Thrifty and industrious, they derive a worthwhile revenue from the manufacture of beads and other articles from clam shells of the Dead Sea. They are all Christians; the Jews have not penetrated into Bethlehem and are content to allow the Christians to hold the city which they revere as the birthplace of the lowly Nazarene.

For a while I watched the workers as they filed the beads by hand in a primitive fashion. The workmen are content to use the same tools which their fathers and their many-times great grandfathers used. Putting a shell in a wooden hand vise, screwing it up tightly, they file away with a coarse file until the shell is developed into the finished trinket.

headdress is fez-shaped, over which handmade lace is spread. The women folk crochet this lace, which requires much of time and patience.

Entering one of the shops, I recognized the proprietor, Selim Michel, whom I had met in 1893, during the Chicago Exposition, where he had charge of the Oriental exhibits. After we had established a mutual acquaintance, he patted me on the shoulder. He gossiped familiarly, referring tenderly to the old "Midway Plaisance," like one who had never left the vicinity of Jackson Park. It was an agreeable surprise to encounter an old-time World's Fair acquaintance in Bethlehem. "We're up to date here—see American newspaper with cross word puzzles. What you do with it—play checkers?"

\* \* \*

Now for the real thrill of Bethlehem, the most famous birthplace in the world! The Church of the Nativity is said to have been built over the spot where stood the manger in which Christ, the Messiah, was cradled. Here I witnessed the services of three Christian denominations, the Roman Catholic, the Armenian, and the Greek Orthodox, all going on at the same time. In the crypt below, by the light of the flickering candles, I made my way to the site of the sacred manger, where I knelt and bowed with the other pilgrims.

Almost every point of interest in the Holy Land is associated with some bloodshed, and yet each spot seemed replete with memories of the Prince of Peace. Even in Bethlehem around the spot upon which we now stood, there had been many a fierce and bloody combat waged.

Since the days of Mohammed, the Moslems and the Christians have wrangled over the golden city because of its association with their religious beliefs. It was

THERE were no traffic cops in sight as we rolled along in a Rolls Royce to Nazareth. It was to here that Christ was brought as a little child, after His sojourn in Egypt whither His parents were compelled to flee to escape from



*Bethlehem is a Village of Narrow Streets and Quaint Shops*

Herod's inhuman order to slay all male children under two years of age, and it was here that Christ spent His happy youth and young manhood, up to the time of His public life.

Nazareth, where the lowly Nazarene began His career, lies in the center of a group of rough hills and mountains. This small city of less than twelve thousand inhabitants is seventy miles from the birth shrine at Bethlehem. Many of its people are Christians of the Greek-Catholic and Protestant faiths, but the usual Mohammedan majority prevails. It is the center for the Christian churches, convents, and monasteries in Palestine, visited and supported by people from every part of Christendom. The buildings are ugly and squalid, but the scenery suggests the landscape of New England. In the distance, standing out like a sentinel of the ages, is the mountain where Elijah hid the true prophets and then slew the false ones.

\* \* \*

After sunset, when Nazareth has ceased its commerce, comes a characteristic scene of biblical landscapes when the beauty of Nature asserts itself.

Wandering through its streets, I was an object of interest to the Nazarene tots, with whom I stopped to play. They are chubby-faced youngsters and are a pleasing sight in their gowns of yellow and red. They go barefoot, but seem as happy



*Doorway of Nativity Church. The old doorway was long ago walled up, leaving only a small opening, so that the worshipper has to stoop to get in*

The Bethlehem maidens are most attractive in their vari-colored and picturesque clothes. The married women wear a distinctive costume consisting of a bright-colored skirt and wide shawl, thrown about the shoulders. The massive

at Jerusalem, the Mohammedans claim, that their Prophet made his ascension to heaven on his magic carpet, and here they believe he will sit astride a rock projecting from the Mosque of Omar on judgment day.



as the better cared for American children, although they didn't romp and play in the same manner.

Under the spell of many holy associations, I learned that close by was the scene of the Annunciation, where Mary was told by the Angel Gabriel that she was chosen to be the Mother of God. Whether Fundamentalists or Modernists, a feeling of awe comes to all at this sacred spot.

A vocational school for children has recently been established in the city through the efforts of the Near East Relief. One of the buildings occupied by the school is on the site of the carpenter shop where, it is claimed, Joseph plied his trade, and the boy Jesus received his training in the trade of his foster father. The building is owned by the Roman Catholics. Father Kersting discovered in excavating beneath the site of a church, built during the Crusades, a grotto which many now believe to have been the actual work of the Master Carpenter.

The various sects here vie with each other in the possession of anything thought to be connected with life and death of Jesus. Some of these claims may seem ridiculous, but one cannot help being impressed with the reverence bestowed upon places and objects that may have had the slightest connection with the life of Christ. Mary's Well is, perhaps, the one authentic object, because it remains Nazareth's sole water supply.

The Nazarenes, like other races of the East, do not rejoice at the birth of a girl. The boys are the pride of their parents' hearts. As I wandered through one of the streets a little lad came out of his home and ran hallooing to his neighbors. I asked the guide the occasion for all the excitement and was told that a baby boy had just arrived at the lad's home, and that he was spreading the glad tidings. Such an event is the signal for a grand celebration, and the relatives bring presents for the new-born babe. I presented a tiny American flag. It may seem strange, but these children in the land where Christ was born have never known a Christmas tree or a Christmas present!

On my visit to one of the Mohammedan schools I found the teacher to be a swarthy sheik, who sat before his class like a tailor at work. The children also sat on the floor and chanted aloud the verses and texts of the Koran. The slates used are made of black-coated tin with Arabic characters painted on them.

\* \* \*

The Pearl of Palestine to me is the Sea of Galilee, which can be seen in the distance—a soothing, restful scene, suffused with the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount.

These sturdy fisher folk carry on their occupation much the same as their ancestors did when Christ chose His disciples from among them. Over two thousand varieties of fish abound in the sacred waters of Galilee, and are even now sent daily to the markets of Jerusalem. As I inspected the baskets filled with the silvery horde that had been brought in, I recalled the miracle of the loaves and fishes,

when Christ fed the multitude, and the many days that Christ spent at Capernaum—now only a memorable pile of stone.

As far below the sea level as our Great Lakes are above it, the Sea of Galilee seemed like a gem set in the Palestine hills. From the hotel at Tiberius, the only large port on its shores, one looks on a scene that suggests the beautiful lake district of central New York which J. Fenimore Cooper describes in his "Leather-Stocking Tales." The surface of the water by day sparkled like an immense cluster of diamonds; by night it glistened like snow, and the minarets of the mosque stood out like ghostly spectres in the shadows that enveloped the district like a funeral shroud. In the bright light of the early morning the shore line stood out like an etching in the clear dry atmosphere.

Now I can well believe the old tradition that "the King of Fleas holds his court at Tiberius," for, despite the netting about the bed and the screening on the window, K. F. and his retinue found me out and did not leave me all night. This is the town Mark Antony presented to Cleopatra during his dizzy sporting days in Egypt, possibly after a bad night with the fleas.

The hot baths near here mentioned by Pliny, the Roman writer, are a sad comparison to the many regal-hoteled hot spring resorts in America. Tiberius was at one time a capital city and is one of the places that we have no record of Christ having visited. He chose Capernaum, also on the shores of Galilee—a sort of rival town established by Herod Antipas, who seems to have been the first live real estate boomer in and about Tiberius.

Stopping at the house in Bethany where Mary and Martha lived and opened their home to the Savior, I had a bite of lunch on the pile of stones marking this site. Standing on this mound, I gazed down upon the grim, arid stretches leading into Jericho, which lies a distance of a thousand feet below sea level. The crumbling walls of the ancient city nestle amid patches of green which made it seem like an oasis in the desert. On the plains of Jezreel, Gideon's band with his three hundred trumpeters jazzed the Midanites into confusion and defeat. It is the one spot with any semblance of life in the midst of a barren waste, and suggests the wilderness of Judea, which remains eternally the same—seemingly cursed by Nature—for nothing can live within its boundaries.

While the water of the beautiful Sea of Galilee is brackish to the taste, the fountain of Elijah at Jericho, fed by these same waters of the Jordan, is made sweet by the salt which is thrown into it. Not far distant is the spot where Elijah is said to have been carried to heaven in a whirlwind. Hereabout are many tombs, the sight of which impelled Mark Twain to say that he would rather sleep in some of these than in most of the houses.

The hours spent on the banks of the Jordan are disillusioning. This river resembles an Iowan creek, although the current is swift in places. The water is cold, but when bottled has the appearance of watered milk, and tastes even worse—bit-ter and salty. The shores are washed by

the sacred waters in which millions of people have been baptized in the name of Christ.

Wandering on the shores of the Dead Sea, near an extinct volcano, we came to the place where Sodom and Gomorrah, pre-eminent examples of wickedness, once throbbed with life. There were a number of sulphur springs about and evidences of volcanic eruptions, which made it seem probable that the fire and brimstone which obliterated these cities, as was prophesied, did a quick job and changed the climate. The Dead Sea has no outlet and is properly named, for it is located in about the deadeast locality I know of on the surface of this terrestrial globe—a fitting setting for a scene in Dante's *Inferno*. It is the deepest sunken hole or dent on the face of the earth. The surface of the Dead Sea is 1,308 feet below sea level, or about twice the height of the Equitable Building. It is almost impossible for a human being to stand upright in its waters, and it is reputed to be even heavier than our own Salt Lake. Here the water is one-fourth solid and twenty times more salty than the ocean. Swimming was out of the question and my shapely limbs were swept out from under me when I challenged its supremacy. The salt clung to my skin like glue, and my clothing, when dressing, felt very uncomfortable, to say the least, quite convincing me had I taken a drink of the water, I would have been ossified. This sea contains a strong pickle, with impregnation of potassium chloride, which may help out the potash supply of the world.

\* \* \*

Palestine is truly cosmopolitan. In the fields and in the cities, side by side, the people of a score of races live and work. The impulsive spirit of America was at hand competing with the persistent wiles of the German and French salesmen. Palestine was proclaimed the "land of the free" under the Balfour declaration, with Sir Herbert Samuels, himself a Jew, the first High Commissioner for Great Britain. The veil of mystery which enshrouded these lands for centuries has been rent asunder. The people are becoming more interested in modern methods of living. The squalor and wretchedness in which their forebears lived is a revelation and they are deriving much benefit by contact with the newcomers. They are now establishing sanitary systems and schools and endeavoring to change their age-old customs to the better ways of the western world.

To one great religious organization in particular is much credit due along this line—to the Zionists. To many who have lived in the Holy Land under the old regime, America is the Land of Promise; and to those who are making a return pilgrimage to Zion the fires of hope are kept burning by British appropriations and occupations, augmented by energy and optimism.

Whether the Jews will ever return to Palestine in large numbers is difficult to determine. The Jews have ever had a longing for their homeland, and particularly as they reach the ebbtide of life, the wish seems to grow with the years for a



# How Carpenter Makes Personality Count

*Charles Carpenter's own life story—How the president of the E. F. Houghton Company put his organization at the top by sheer force of personality—The story of "The Houghton Line," the best known "house organ" in the country—Recollections and reminiscences of a forceful leader of business*

**A** MAN so intensely individual that all his life he has insisted on having his own way—and made it pay him dividends—is Charles E. Carpenter, head of E. F. Houghton and Company of Philadelphia.

In a day when almost everyone else seems to be striving for "sameness" and routine similarity in thought as well as office organization, Charles Carpenter has dared to be original—and he gets away with it. Executive, writer, speaker, he is known in each field for his intense individualism. To laymen as well as those "in the trade" there is no more widely known trade publication in the country than "The Houghton Line," the enormous success of which expresses the very essence of Mr. Carpenter's strongly original personality. Whatever he writes has "punch," and he is rated as highly as a business writer as he is a business executive—and business men everywhere will tell you that in that respect he stands with those who have reached the top.

The business creed, the inner thoughts, the life story of a man who has achieved such outstanding success, cannot fail to have a very real value added to their fascination. When I asked Mr. Carpenter to give me his "story" for the readers of THE NATIONAL, I was not surprised to find, in his reply, a tempering and becoming trait of modesty, rounding out the character of one whose entire career has spoken of self-assurance.

"When I come to tell you about myself," he said, "I am afflicted with the most severe case of stage fright I have ever experienced; in fact I never remember having an audience awe me so.

"**A**FTER discounting the things which I believe I remember, I think that the farthest back I actually do remember was when I was about three years of age and our family moved from a locality which had formerly been very respectable, but which was being encroached upon by business, to what was supposed to be the ultra-respectable neighborhood of Philadelphia at that time.

"My father carried me in his arms to the new house and alighted from the horse-car while it was still in motion right in front of the house, in the middle of the square, and carried me up the steps."

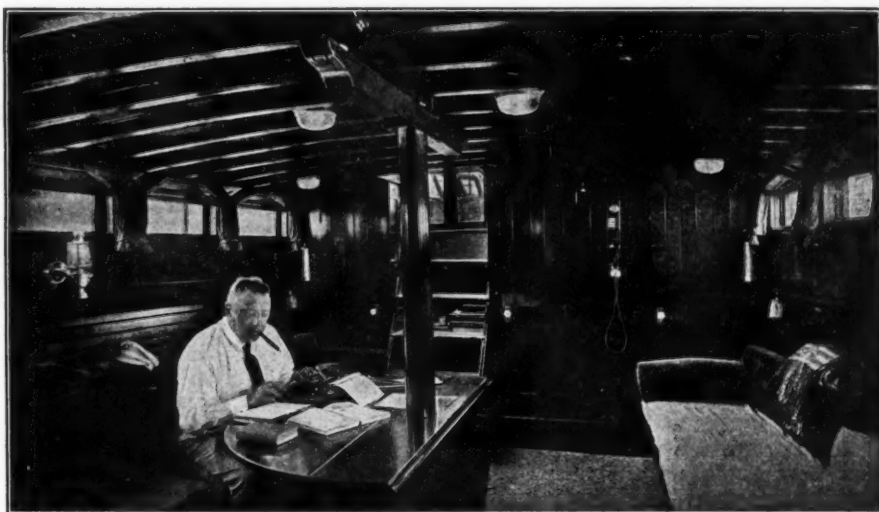
That, Mr. Carpenter confesses, is the first thrill he really remembers. Forthwith he established the ambition to become a driver of a horse-car when he became a man. But, although he reached his majority before the electric and gasoline motor

had put the horse drawn car out of business, the ambition was lost before it was realized.

Other ambitions, equally boyish, and equally fleeting, succeeded the earlier desire, among them passing affection for a career in the prize ring and on the stage.

business and later became the head of E. F. Houghton and Co., preceding his son in the presidency and general management of the company.

"For a number of years from then on," says Mr. Carpenter, "I found myself holding prominent positions in all kinds of or-



Charles E. Carpenter at Work Wherever He Goes

"The last thing I ever thought I had any talent for was business," says the man who now dominates his field of trade, "and I think that this opinion of me was pretty general, with the exception of my parents, both of whom insisted that I had business talents. And as my mother was an invalid, at the age of 17—although next to the youngest of four children—I was assigned the duty of running the house, doing the buying, paying the bills and making proper accounting."

Before Charles Carpenter was eighteen he was sent on a very important family mission which took him into the interior of the state of Texas—a real foreign voyage for a boy of that age in those days. He says modestly, "I must have fulfilled my commission fairly satisfactorily, for two years later I was sent again."

"The first office I ever occupied," Mr. Carpenter recalls, "was that of president of a boys' evangelical society, during the great Moody and Sankey revival in Philadelphia, at which time I was 12 years of age."

This was logical enough, as, during the first years of Charles Carpenter's life, his father was a Baptist minister. The elder Carpenter, however, had leanings toward

organizations and working hard for a very unappreciative clientele and receiving nothing for it.

"**O**NE of the positions which I occupied was president of The 32nd Ward Republican Club in Philadelphia. As president, I was not exactly rebellious to the Republican organization, but I insisted on proper recognition which was not usually forthcoming, so in 1904 I organized the City Party with practically my own funds, which were quite limited then, and started an independent fight which resulted in the defeat of our candidates.

"But in 1905, the great revolt against the Republican organization on account of the proposed sale of the Gas Works caused the revolt to take up the City Party organization and the machine was routed at the general polls by an overwhelming majority of some 60,000.

"It was at this time that I commenced to realize that if I would take the same amount of time and talent and concentrate them on one particular object, that the results would probably be better for me as well as for the public, so I began a process of resigning all positions of responsibility, as well as membership in many organiza-

tions, and began to apply my talent exclusively to the promotion of the business of E. F. Houghton & Co., of which I had the honor to be general manager. From that time until this, it is rarely that I have permitted even my name to be used as a prominent member of any organization.

"The business of E. F. Houghton & Co. at that time was the same as it is now—the manufacture of specialties in oils, greases and leathers for use in the industries.

"That you may understand this, I might say that if you were a manufacturer and would ask for a quotation on five barrels of olive oil, our people would reply that they did not sell olive oil but that they would be pleased to quote on something better than olive oil, if the specific use to which the olive oil was going to be put would be made known.

"This would usually result in our sending engineers or chemists into the plant of the inquirer to study the conditions.

"Of course, when we solved a problem for one plant, we would for the most part solve the problem for many plants in the same line.

"THE same is true of leather. If we should receive an order for leather belting of our own special brand, we would not allow the belt to be shipped until we knew exactly where it was going to be used and how.

"The business had the reputation of being successful as businesses went in those days. But our profits were compelled to be so high that, although the customers could afford to pay them because we always saved him money by using our specialties (for naturally he would not buy our products unless they were better than the staple products) nevertheless the high profits made it possible for imitators to come along and supply the same products as ours or products nearly as good, at a much reduced cost because they did not have the overheads of the research expense.

"I comprehended at once that there was no particular future for our business unless the manufacturing expenses could be reduced and the sales increased, so that the sales price would be so low that it would not attract competition, and that's what I applied myself to.

"I lived on as little money as I possibly could and hired the very best talent that money could buy. I believe at one time I had seven men on our staff all of whom were drawing larger salaries than myself.

"Then again, we were very much annoyed by the turn-over of our business by having our young people leave us and go with competitors and carrying a certain amount of knowledge. These young men left us mostly because they did not see the proper future. So I realized that we would have to show our young people a future and to that end I have built up what is known as the Houghton family, and the business as it is conducted today is about thirty times larger in dollars and cents and about fifty times larger in bulk than it was in 1905.

"Plants have been located in Chicago, Detroit, Montreal and Germany; sales

agencies have been established in all sections of the world; sales territories have been organized and sub-divided, and more important than anything else, the business has been builded to a condition where its future is dependent upon no one single man—not even myself.

"The entire stock holdings of the company are in the hands of those directly associated with the business or have been in the past or in some cases members of their immediate families—widows of former employees as an illustration.

"THOSE who are not in a position to know anything about the company, credit its success to some one particular thing, and naturally my little publication 'The Houghton Line' has the greatest publicity. Most people say that our progress is due to 'The Houghton Line.' Others say it has been due to fearlessness on the part of our company in gambling on raw materials; others say that some one individual has been responsible.

"Now as a matter of fact, the business is the same as an army; someone has got to lead, but the leader doesn't amount to much unless he has the proper sort of loyal associates. That I have had in the conduct of this business.

"The Houghton Line' was not conceived by me; it was a pure accident.

"In the building up of our sales organization, our business was becoming so highly technical that the members of our sales force found it difficult to comprehend all of the technical information necessary for the maximum sales. Sometimes they received three or four long letters a day; they couldn't carry all of this bulk with them; a lot of them traveled so much they didn't have the proper reference files. So I conceived the idea of publishing in book form a periodical for exclusive circulation among the sales force of E. F. Houghton & Co.

"In order to make it attractive, I would give expression to some of my thoughts on things in general in this little monthly book.

"The first number had scarcely been out before we commenced to receive requests from members of the sales force that we should place our customers rather than them on the mailing list and teach our customers the technology as well as our sales force. Before the third number of 'The Line' was issued, we had 200 members of the sales force on the mailing list and about 2,500 customers or prospective customers.

"It was Mr. L. E. Murphy who then comprehended that here was an opportunity to send out publicity matter which would be read, so the policy of 'The Line' was changed and it was published for general distribution. The circulation grew very rapidly until 1914 when it was about 150,000.

"The war lowered this circulation to 45,000, in spite of the fact that on request we sent 13,000 copies to our boys over seas. Since the war, the circulation has again increased. We have 268,000 names on the mailing list today, and the entire

publication is completed in every detail within our own organization.

"But I did not follow out the original intention of having 'The Houghton Line' a technical publication. I took 24 pages or one-half of its volume for the expression of my own personal opinions about things which were mostly non-technical.

"The Houghton Line' is not mailed promiscuously to firms or corporations, but only to individuals upon written request and then only to those who occupy positions within the field of possible usefulness to our company, exceptions, of course, being made quite frequently to this rule.

"If it is any credit to me I have made quite a lot of money and I haven't got very much, and I didn't lose any of it in business or in speculation; I suspect that I gave most of it away. If I told how I gave it away, it would violate some confidence. But I didn't give it away subscribing to drives or encouraging extravagance in charity or so-called charities.

"TO what one thing do I attribute my success, is about the first question that is asked by those who want to write me up.

"I don't think any one thing attributed to my success.

"My mother was an invalid, and as a child I was not allowed to make any noise in the house. That drove me out on the street and as I had no one to complain to, run to and tell my troubles to when I was imposed upon by the other boys, I had to take my lickings and take care of myself; consequently, I developed a rather fearless disposition and the prospects of a good thrashing never had much effect on me, whether it came from another boy or from my Dad. I have sometimes thought that it was my fearlessness that helped me to stand things.

"Sometimes when I read over back copies of 'The Houghton Line,' I think that I must have been fearless when I caused them to be published, although I had no such feeling at the time they were published.

"Of course, it takes some courage to publish 'The Line,' when our mail is being constantly filled with letters from people who might use our goods, who claim that the reason they don't is because of my attitude on some particular question, mostly the Prohibition question.

"Opportunity has, of course, played its part.

"I was very much dissatisfied with the attitude of one of the members of our firm before the company was incorporated, and I was about getting ready to leave when he died.

"This was in 1900, and in reality it was from 1900 that we made the greatest gains, and I have always thought that it was rather due to the loss of that partner than to anything that I was able to supply.

"I HAVE merely had an ideal concerning business. The cry at the present time on the part of many is for industrial democracy. We all know that no democracy in government ever succeeded, and that the





*Mr. Charles E. Carpenter of the "Houghton Line" in Oratorical Action*

so-called democratic governments are not democracies, but republics. And we also all know that there is nothing that equals an absolute monarchy if the monarch be a good monarch. As I see it, my ideal has been to establish in E. F. Houghton & Co., an 'absolute business monarchy.' I have done my very best to be a 'good monarch'

and make of the Houghton employees a great family and keep the profits within the family by avoiding all non-participating stockholders.

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"I CAN look out of my office window and see the workmen crawling around in the process of erecting a \$100,000.00 build-

ing which is to be devoted to research. Of course, research is not new with us.

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"Our research is very easily explained. We study what the requirements are of the various industries in oils, greases and allied products, and if it is practical, we make them and attempt to market them; some-

*Continued on page 137*



# Silas Strawn—A Lawyer Who Knows Law

*A picture of one of the country's leading lawyers—Honors seek out Silas Strawn—Was president of American Bar Association and United States Golf Association  
—Anecdotes of a busy career*

**A** MUCH president-ed man is Silas Strawn of Chicago, who is termed by members of the legal profession the leading lawyer of the Middle West, to say nothing of the country as a whole. Mr. Strawn's titles have not come to him only in the line of his profession. It is true that his great ability and reputation in the legal field won him the honor of the presidency of the American Bar Association in 1927 and 1928; but he has been recognized as well in an activity so diverse as the ancient and honorable Scotch pastime and is a former president of the United States Golf Association.

Added to these are past presidencies of the Illinois and Chicago bar organizations and trusteeships and directorships in numerous corporations. People, it seems, have formed a habit of singling out Silas Strawn to receive honors they have to bestow. Their judgment has been substantiated by Presidents of the United States who have given Mr. Strawn an inadvertent diplomatic career that he never sought.

I will always recall my first "face to face" talk with Silas Strawn. It was back in 1924 when he had been called by President Coolidge as an associate to the government lawyers in the oil lease cases

growing out of Teapot Dome. It was a memorable picture, and typical of the man.

The room at the Willard Hotel looked like a transplanted law office. Scattered here and there on tables, chairs, in open bureau drawers were legal documents and law books. Typewriters were clicking the language of law at a lively rate. Standing in the center of the room was the man whose eminence in his own profession had caused him to be drafted to his country's service, not only in strictly legal capacities, such as this, but even in diplomacy as delegate of the United States to the special conference at Peking on the Chinese customs tariffs and American member and chairman of the Chinese Extra-Territoriality Commission.

He is considered authority on the politics and policies of the Orient.

Medium in size, with a green necktie and rimless glasses, scanning first this paper and that, he was the picture of a modern lawyer. There was a smile in his greeting.

decided to follow the same profession. In this he followed much in the footsteps of the great American, for his career may be said to be largely that of a "self-made" lawyer.

"You know we have something of a law shop out in Chicago," he said, "—thirty lawyers at work. During the War I was drafted with fourteen others from our shop, and now I am drafted again. I felt I must respond to the call of President Coolidge, no matter what it might mean to personal comfort or plans."

His hobby, as one may judge from the distinguished recognition he has received in that field, is golf.

Retained in some of the most important cases in the country from coast to coast, Mr. Strawn now rarely appears in court, although among the few recent cases he has tried are some of the most notable on the records of late years.

As one might expect of a lawyer of his wide experience, he is full of the humor and anecdote of the court room. He tells about a trip to take charge of a cattle case in the Panhandle District of Oklahoma in the early days. Arriving in town, he inquired of the hotel keeper concerning the opposing counsel, whose name was Temple and who had a

partner known as Jack Down.

"What kind of a lawyer is this Temple?" asked Strawn.

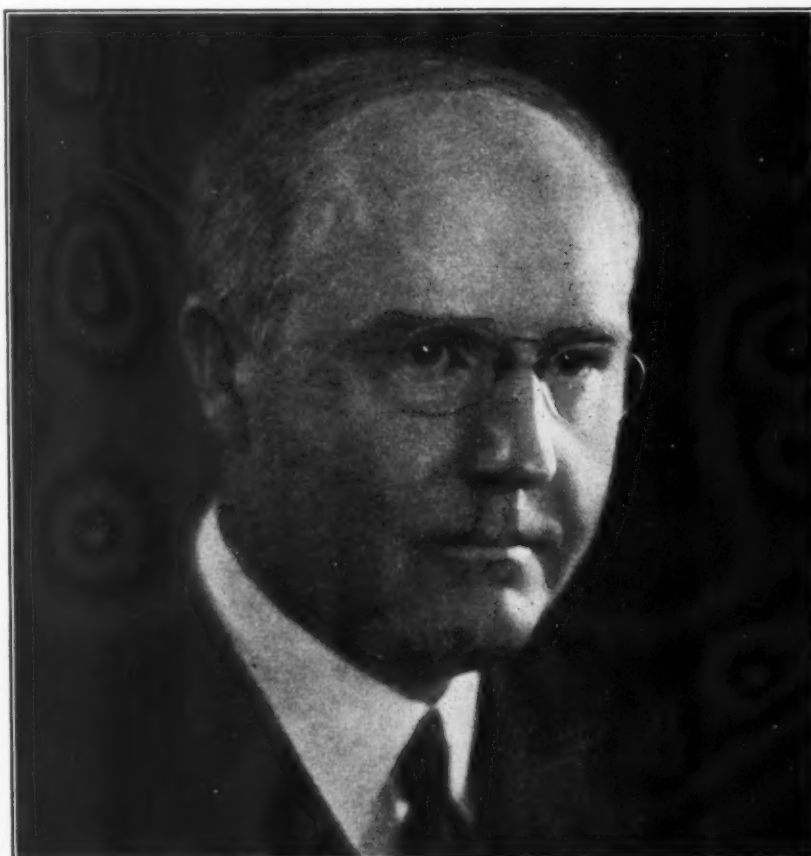
"He carries a gun and can whip it out and shoot straighter than any lawyer in Oklahoma," replied the landlord.

"But what kind of a lawyer is he?"

"Why, he just gets Jack Down to read him the law and the encyclopedia from cover to cover. Jack gets the law and Temple does the shooting."

Nevertheless, Mr. Strawn came back from Oklahoma sans bullet holes.

"Law has its romance, its drama, plot and adventure," he says, "always interesting because it deals in the first and last instance with the human equation."



*Silas Strawn, one of the country's leading lawyers*

"This is not a case I sought for," he said, "for I know what it means. There is a mass of evidence to go over and the ramifications run very deep." The vigor and reserve power of the lawyer in action was apparent.

"The Teapot Dome will be out of politics as soon as it goes into court," he prophesied. "A Federal judge is not dependent upon political appointments, and proceeds without regard to political influence or consequences." How accurate was this prophecy, recent events in general and a national election in particular have given proof.

At Ottawa, the old capitol of Illinois, Silas Strawn was born and reared among people who were neighbors of Abraham Lincoln. He heard much of Lincoln and

# Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

*An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories*

## MADAME NAMARA

*The popular singer has found her Heart Throb in the lines which her husband, Mindret Lord has written*

Now and then it seems as if the gods had a surplus of treasure and flung it all into the lives of the few. Mme. Marguerite Namara, of the Opera Comique Paris and of the Chicago Opera Company, is one who received a glorious share of talent and charm. Her delicate beauty and personality alone would distinguish her among women, but she also has a beautiful, melodious voice that holds her listeners entranced by its vibrant heart appeal.

"I enclose a little verse I love very much," wrote the opera singer. "I have just found it among my husband's notes and out of all he writes so beautifully this one seems dearest to me:

"I caught her tears in my cupped hands and I poured  
Them into a crystal vial. And I sealed it tightly  
And hid it in a secret place, away from the curious and prying.  
When my heart was old, then went I and opened it.  
And I found therein but a grain of salt."

Mindret Lord's writing deserves greater publicity and it is hoped that it is not overshadowed by the popularity of lesser artists who force their work into notice.

Cleveland, Ohio, was the birthplace of this fascinating prima donna. She was educated at the Girls Collegiate Institute of Los Angeles, and later studied singing with Jean de Reszke. Her debut was made in "Faust" at Genoa, Italy. Then followed an overwhelming series of successes in England and America for she appeared in concert with Amato, Levitsky, Caruso and many others. She joined the Chicago Opera Company in 1919, and her roles have included Manon, Micaela in Carmen, and Thais. One of her many achievements was her role in "The Nightingale," an opera based upon the life of Jenny Lind.

## JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

*The late James Oliver Curwood found a heart inspiration in the Poem of a Friend*

At the military cantonments, during the World War, the majority of the doughboys voted the late James Oliver Curwood as one of the most popular novelists of the times. He was a writer for men and at that time when thoughts were tense and the trivial side of life seemed less important, youth as well as age, called for a

virile writer who could tell a story of real people who were swayed by strong emotions. Such a writer was the late "Jim" Curwood. He knew his country—from the love of it, and because he had been a rover through every mile that he described, he had a passionate love for the great out-of-doors and an understanding



James Oliver Curwood

of woodcraft and of all the small and large inhabitants of the forests. The Canadian Northwest was the sort of a country to fire the imagination. Back of his romances there are facts, back of his facts there are subtle forces of nature that sway human beings. With him at times I fancied that I discovered the rise of the tide of heredity. In writing of the woods so intensely, he revealed the love of Nature that came to him from his mother's side for he was descended from a full-blooded Mohawk Indian princess. To another ancestor may be attributed the inheritance of literary discrimination.

Captain Marrayat, the famous novelist, was his great uncle, and it was hoped that young Jim would follow in the work of his distinguished relative.

"I have a worship for God's country," Curwood told me in early days. "Human life is not always the most beautiful. The closer one gets to the soul of Nature, the more he realizes the littleness, inadequateness and the monumental egoism of man."

Owasso, Michigan, and the Shiawassee county where the author was born are

names that in themselves suggest a source of his material. As a boy he roamed the forest, tracked animals, lived under the stars, but his intellectual curiosity led him to study and he attended the University of Michigan, to which institution he returned later as a literary editor. Seven years of newspaper life brought him facility of expression and made him one of the most consistently interesting writers of his time. Capable of making and of keeping staunch friends, he had the capacity of loyalty. One of his friends, Dr. Zeigen paid him a poetic tribute in his collection of poems,—a book for which "Jim" wrote the foreword. The poem constitutes his contribution to "Heart Throbs" and remained always a favorite.

Mighty few men you can call a good friend  
Who will stick thru thick and thin;  
Mighty few fellows can be a good pal  
Right there when the troubles begin;  
Mighty few hands that will hold you up  
When the footsteps have started to lag;  
And less than a twain will ask you to sup  
His last crust or share his last rag.

Yes sometimes you find just one in an age,  
That a friend—a good friend and true—  
Will spring to your side and fight for your hide  
Because he's a friend to just you.

## GEORGE McMANUS

*The Cartoonist finds his deepest heart expression in Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue."*

When I asked George McManus to give me the name of a poem that he admired I might have expected something decidedly humorous, but his eyes grew soft and tender as he repeated the lines of "Little Boy Blue." "I have a love for this touching little bit by Eugene Field,—that interpreter of emotion connected with child life. The musical setting for "Little Boy Blue" is quite as fascinating as the lines."

The little toy dog is covered with dust  
But sturdy and staunch he stands  
And the little toy soldier is covered with dust  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new  
And the soldier was passing fair  
And that was the time when Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand  
Each in the same old place  
Awaiting the touch of the little hand  
The smile of the little face  
And they wonder as waiting the long years  
through  
In the dust of that little chair  
What has become of Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there.

The cartoonist who interprets human weaknesses and foibles in terms of laugh-



ter has made a valuable contribution to the world of men. The press, the lecture field and individual leaders may fail in righting a matter, but let the cartoonist attack the subject and the whole world catches the idea, because the children get it first. Such has been the career of George McManus. He was born in St. Louis in 1884 and began his work on the old St. Louis Republic. In 1899 he joined the New York World and created the comic series such as "Let George Do It," "The Newlyweds," and "Bringing Up Father." The latter has been recently pictured, which emphasized its cleverness and made the name of George McManus a household word in America.

### COLONEL WALTER SCOTT

*The Noted Merchant of Butler Bros. finds his heart touch in the lines of childhood's prayer.*

Often a poem is beloved because it links itself with some heart-stirring emotion entirely apart from beauty of form or lyrical quality. It is not always a poem, for just a line of prose, a proverb or even a prayer may move us so deeply that it comes first to the mind when memory is awakened. Colonel Walter Scott of New York, merchant and philanthropist, gave me a reflection of one of his most sacred memories when he repeated the little prayer that many of us learned in childhood.

"At dawn a beloved child slipped away beyond the veil and its last remembered words was the prayer said on going to bed. It was the first time that I ever got the true meaning of that nightly prayer and ever since it has been precious and comforting. I think it stands out against everything else.

"Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.  
This I ask for Jesus' sake,  
Amen."

Through the generations that prayer has been and will continue a classic for its sweet simplicity covers the whole depth and breadth of a petition.

Walter Scott will long be remembered for his founding of the Broad Street Hospital, an institution that has benefitted so many. Tremendously interested in the advancement of education he has proved that he recognizes its importance by endowing scholarships for Smith and Technology, also many schools for crippled children. Being a citizen of foresight he reveres the old saying, "Of all human institutions the most important are, first the home, then the school and then the bank." Mr. Scott's education was obtained in the American public schools. Although he was born in 1861 in Montreal he came to Boston in infancy. He is able to look over his shoulder as it were and see the progress in school systems. As a member of the firm of Butler Brothers, general merchandise, he has achieved distinction as one of America's foremost merchants, who never forgets his Bobby Burns and counts doing a good deed every day and every hour, if possible, as one of the real essentials of a normal existence.

### REX BEACH

*The Popular Author finds his heart inclined towards a Poem by Hudson Maxim*

Whether in Florida where he spent his school days or in Alaska on the far northern border of the U. S. A. I found Rex Beach the same big-hearted man.

"Here is a poem that never fails to stir me," he said. "I think it is a great piece of work."



Rex Beach

A whirr of dust is sweeping the hill  
Between the grey dawn and the huge black mill,

There is a drift of rags and of skinny bones  
With skeleton feet on the ruthless stones.  
What sceptres are these in the witching light  
This ghostly rear-guard of the night,  
Wearily treading the trail of the dark,  
Arousing the morn before the lark?  
What wights are these so gaunt and lean  
With lagging pace and drowsy mein,  
Who under the dim lamp's flickering glow  
Wind into the cavernous mill below?  
A sortie of ghouls aloose from the tomb,  
Or a rabble of wraiths begot of the gloom?  
No,—goblins and ghouls such tasks would shirk—  
It is only the children going to work.

Everyone who is familiar with the writings of this prominent author will discover an underlying sense of justice in his work, a genuine respect for the "god of things as they are." Sentiment and a compassion for the under dog is something that breathes through his stories. That is undoubtedly the reason why "Shadows of Dawn" by the late Hudson Maxim—himself an indefatigable supporter of the oppressed—should appeal to a man who wrote such a stirring book as "The Spoilers."

Atwood, Michigan is his native place, but as a boy he traveled in the South, and later attended the Chicago College of Law as well as Kent College. Just why such training should develop a writer is difficult to analyze. The creative power defies analysis; if present in any considerable degree it seems bound to shape the occupation.

Among the most widely read of this author's books are, "The Barrier," "Silver

Horde," "The Net," "Auction Block," and "Rainbow's End." Mr. Beach makes his home at Ardsley on the Hudson and as President of the Authors' League has done much to help and encourage the younger authors who are to follow him.

\* \* \*

### CHARLES D. COBURN

*The Actor-manager naturally Drifts to his first love, the Bard of Avon, for Poetic Inspiration.*

Back stage I saw Charles Coburn after one of the performances marking a revival of "Diplomacy" in an all-star cast. Removing his make-up he began:

"Pope tells us how skill is achieved  
by thought, not chance  
As they move easiest who have learned to dance."

Mr. Charles D. Coburn holds his place in the theatrical world because of success acquired through long apprenticeship. He was born at Macon, Georgia, in 1877. At eighteen he was manager of a theatre in Savannah, which was a successful venture and at twenty was a member of strolling stock companies, visiting widely scattered sections. Experience came through close contacts before and behind the footlights, which provided an understanding of the stage that is fundamental.

The actor manager is remembered for his fine portrayal of John Storm in "The Christian." In 1905, he organized the Mr. and Mrs. Coburn Production Company for the promotion of classical drama, having control of contracts in the United States and Canada, for the production of popular plays.

As might be expected Mr. Coburn's contribution to the volume of favorites came from the patron saint of the theatre, Shakespeare. He mentions specially the lines from "As You Like It" with possibly the memory of early recital of the couplets, Touchstone's romantic tribute to Rosalind,

"He that sweetest rose will find  
Let him seek out Rosalind."

Or the outpourings of Orlando who pins his lines to a tree in the forest,

"Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love  
survey  
And thou, thrice crowned queen of night,  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere  
above  
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth  
sway."

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character  
That every eye which in this forest looks  
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.  
Run, race, Orlando; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she."

\* \* \*

### NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

*The Poet and Linguist knows verse in many tongues and selects Zangwill's "Blind Children."*

"I am always amazed," said the author Nathan Haskell Dole, at his summer home in Ogunquit, Maine, "because so few people seem to know Israel Zangwill's 'Blind Children.' Once read it goes directly to



the heart. It is my heart touch." This poet finds real beauty in the verse, and countless others will discover it readily by reading it over once or twice. Mr. Dole has proven that he understands good poetry and knows how to write it. As a literary critic Boston has ranked him among its first for his broad understanding and appreciation of the best in literature. From his facile pen came such discriminatingly fine things as "Six Italian Essays," and incomparable translations of Tolstoi and Daudet. The influence of Russian history and letters as well as her music is shown in his hundreds of songs and lyrics for music from the Russian, as well as his "Young Folks' History of Russia." "Famous Composers" is another appreciative work, but his "Omar, the Tent Maker" may have reached a wider audience.

Nathan Haskell Dole, born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, in 1852 was the son of a clergyman. After receiving his A. B. from Harvard he taught in DeVeaux College and was the Preceptor at Derby Academy in Hingham. He belongs to many literary societies and is President of the Omar Khayyam Society since 1919. A painstaking piece of work—and one of value—is his editing of the tenth edition of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.

At "The Moorings" in Ogunquit, the author indulges in his early morning swim and pleasant walks and enjoys his life among literary folks, preserving the vigor which makes work a pleasure rather than a task.

We are grateful for his reminder regarding "Blind Children."

Laughing, the blind boys  
Run round their college lawn  
Playing such games of bluff  
Over its dappled grass.  
See the blind frolicsome  
Girls in blue pinafores  
Turning their skip ropes!

But, oh, the miracle  
If a Redeemer came  
Laid a finger on their eyes  
One touch, and what a world  
New born in loveliness!  
Spaces of green and sky  
Hills of white cloud adrift  
Ivy-grown college walls  
Shining loved faces!

What a dark world, who knows  
Ours to inhabit is!  
One touch and what a change  
Glory might burst on us  
What a hid universe!  
Do we sport carelessly  
Blindly upon the verge  
Of an Apocalypse?

#### BISHOP EDWIN H. HUGHES

*The Methodist Episcopal Bishop chooses the lines of a living American Poet*

In meeting him in his work in various parts of the country I have found Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes "more cosmopolitan than a clergyman." He has lived in many cities and has such a wide experience in religious and educational circles. His birthplace lies in the mountains of West Virginia at Moundsville. A student at the University of that state, he took degrees at the Ohio Wesleyan University and became

a Methodist Episcopal pastor at Newton Centre and in Malden, Mass. Acting president of Boston University, a Trustee of the Carnegie Foundation, and president of De Pauw University gave him a vast amount of association with big movements and men in important positions which with close contact with young people, has made him a leader in education.

"Among shorter bits of verse," said Bishop Hughes, "perhaps I can quote one that is comparatively unfamiliar although written by Edwin Markham."

I built a chimney for a comrade old  
I did this service without hope of hire;  
And then I wandered on in winter's cold  
Yet all the day I glowed before the fire

"There is a wealth of sentiment to me in this brief verse," said the Bishop. A further evidence of his discriminating taste is shown in his love for Tennyson's "In Memoriam." All who love real melody of rhythmic line will enjoy that portion of the poem which reads—

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace  
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade,  
Thou madest life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death, and lo, thy feet  
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,  
Thou madest man, he knows not why  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

Our little systems have their day  
They have their day and cease to be  
They are but broken lights of Thee  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.



Bishop Hughes

#### JULIUS ROSENWALD

*The Eminent Merchant, Citizen and Philanthropist of Chicago feels a Heart Throb any time he hears Longfellow's "Launching of the Ship."*

Born in the home city of Abraham Lincoln where he became president, Julius Rosenwald has builded on ideals of the great Emancipator. As a merchant he has

been eminently successful but this is not the reason that he has won the gratitude of thousands and thousands of people and is called one of the best-loved citizens of Chicago; for his philanthropy has been the great outstanding object of his life. He has worked unremittingly for the negro race and for their advancement through education and has made opportunity possible to them in their own environment. Their problems he has taken close to heart and helped solve them in a most practical manner.

Educated in the Springfield, Ill., public schools, he entered the wholesale clothing business and became president of the Rosenwald, Weil Company of Chicago and later vice president and treasurer of the Sears Roebuck organization. During the World War President Wilson recognized his ability and executive skill by appointing him on the Committee of National Defence on supplies and sending him on a special mission to France for the secretary of war.

It is natural that a man with such constructive ideas would choose for his favorite writing something relating to building and Mr. Rosenwald chose Longfellow's "Building of the Ship" which touches upon life in so many aspects.

Build me straight, O worthy Master!  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.

Ah! What a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word can set in motion!  
There's not a ship that sails the ocean  
But every climate, every soil  
Must bring its tribute, great or small  
And help build the wooden wall!

One can easily apply the building of the ship to the building of character and that subtle meaning may be found in the lines that suggest a youth, well trained, setting forth into the world,—

Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears  
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

Gentle-voiced kindness shines in every motion as well as from the eyes of Julius Rosenwald. His devotion to his mother, calling on her every day to the end of her long and inspiring life, no matter what the pressure of business, reveals the sympathetic nature of one of America's foremost business men, who symbolizes the "I Will" spirit of Chicago in the highest and broadest sense of the word. It was Julius Rosenwald who carried out Herbert Hoover's idea of a revolving fund to help people carrying second mortgages. He further suggested that all his benefactions be expended within twenty-five years.

#### ARTHUR GUITERMAN

*The Poet delves deep into his Favorite Shelley for a Heart Throb*

A distinct place among the writers of verse is held by Arthur Guiterman. During the 1928 Poetry Week in New York City, which might be called a "festival of

verse" many visitors were able to exchange a name, which they knew, for a personality which they remember. Mr. Guiterman, as a prominent member of the Poetry Society did much to make that unique celebration a success. Arthur Guiterman was born (of American parents) in Vienna, Austria in 1871. His name has appeared on the staff of the *Woman's Home Companion* and *Literary Digest* and he served as lecturer on verse writing at the University School of Journalism in New York.

Why Mr. Guiterman stands out from the line of modern poets, whom we sum up as "writers of free verse," is that he has bent his fine art of verse-making at times to the production of real humor. His rhymed reviews of popular books are a novelty and a delight, for they provide a definite and complete review, blended with good-natured but honest criticism. Lovers of beautiful poetry cherish his more serious offerings, such as "The Idol Maker's Prayer" for he is a stylist and purist in his work.

"Like others who have read pretty widely," said Mr. Guiterman, it is almost impossible for me to name any one poem as a pre-eminent and exclusive favorite, but at a venture I will name Shelley's *Ozymandias* of Egypt."

"I met a traveler from an antique land  
Who said; Two vast and trunkless legs of  
stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, in the sand  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose  
frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on those lifeless  
things;  
The hand that mocked them and the heart  
that fed  
And on the pedestal these words appear;—

"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings,  
Look on my works, ye mighty and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains; round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

"There is a peculiar coincidence," said Mr. Guiterman, "the title of this poem, reversed and twisted a bit, forms a rude sort of anagram that embodies the point of the sonnet,—

Ozy-man-dias  
Said-man-ysz-O.

or

"Said man is nought."

It is not known whether Shelley was aware of this.

#### WILLIAM HODGE

*The popular actor turns toward "Home Lights" as his favorite poem*

Ask a hundred people why they admire William Hodge and his acting, you will receive a hundred answers,—varying from "he doesn't act—he lives the part," to "he makes me feel that he is just like myself."

In that inimitable Hodgesque way, he recited the poem "Home Lights" by Harry Lee without even stopping for a puff at his pipe.

"The wistful stars that one by one  
Jet heaven's hills with light,  
That mothers set at night  
On window sills  
May guide their steps aright.

So like  
A little lamp that shone  
For me, in days of yore,  
So like a little lamp that shines  
On earth for me  
No more.

And when at evenfall, the stars  
Dark hills of heaven jet  
They are not stars to me but lamps  
That waiting mothers set  
On window sills  
That we may not forget."



William Hodge

Whenever I chat with Will Hodge, I feel that it is a period of sincerity in speech and thought. His honesty is disarming. I was with him when he was creating the character of Freeman Whitmarsh in James A. Hearn's play "Sag Harbor" when he purchased his costume from a painter on the job. Always painstaking, he seems to build every part almost like a sculptor bringing his vision from modeling, for he is one actor who writes his own plays and has won distinction as a novelist and playwright.

Tall, loosely built, often assuming a gangling carriage, grey eyes, alert and twinkling, William Hodge has been a personality ever since the day he graduated from school at his birthplace, Albion, N. Y. He knew stage craft before he became an actor for he started his career as a property man in his brother's company—afterward becoming joint manager. His first success was "Brazilian Heavy" in a musical show "Reign of Error," but he "found his bigness,"—to use a homely expression in "Sky Farm" in "The Man from Home" and his later successes "For All of Us" and "Straight Thru the Door."

#### M. H. AYLESWORTH

*The President of the National Broadcasting Company recalls Riley's "Old Sweetheart of Mine" as a heartfelt reminder*

Every night that I listen in on the Radio I think of that energetic dynamic individual directing the affairs of the Na-

tional Broadcasting Company in New York, who has become one of the most widely known personalities in the world. His name is associated with the universal operation of one of the greatest inventions of modern times. What seemed almost a miracle a few years ago has become the enjoyment and routine matter-of-fact daily pleasure, if not necessity, of the people of the world.

Certain names go forward and will live in the annals of invention but the name of M. H. Aylesworth will be remembered as president of the National Broadcasting Company. He was born in Iowa forty odd years ago and is the son of a clergyman. At twenty-four he became a lawyer in Colorado, and through the active practice of his profession became interested in public utilities. He was chosen to initiate the gigantic task of radio transmission and he has given this work intensive study, keeping in step with the bewildering progress of the invention.

"There are greater miracles to come" he said when I made known my request. "That miracle is for me to find time to read as much verse as I desire, and so I must make rhythm and poetry of my work. It is safe to select any one of James Whitcomb Riley's verses as a favorite of mine," said Mr. Aylesworth, "but my especial delight centres upon 'An Old Sweetheart of Mine.'"

As one who comes at evening o'er an album  
all alone  
And muses on the faces of the friends that  
he has known  
So I turn the leaves of fancy 'till in shadowy  
design  
I find the smiling features of an old sweet-  
heart of mine.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection for our loving  
thoughts to start  
Into being are like perfume from the blos-  
soms of the heart  
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury  
divine.

When my truant fancy wanders with that  
old sweetheart of mine.

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon  
the stair,  
And the door is softly opened, and—my wife  
is standing there:

Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions  
I resign,—  
To greet the living presence of that old  
sweetheart of mine.

From the days when this poem was the  
favorite with "elecutionists" its gentle  
sentiment and tenderness of ending has  
held its own with the more complex offer-  
ings of modern verse.

#### U. S. SENATOR LAWRENCE COWLE PHIPPS

*The Senator from Colorado discovers enduring  
beauties in Robert Munger's "On the Thresh-  
hold"*

In the midst of his busy days at Wash-  
ington I found in Senator Phipps one who  
has risen steadily and successfully from  
modest beginnings. It was natural to ask  
what influences moulded his life and char-  
acter.

"The book which impressed me strong-



ly" replied the Senator, "and the precepts that influenced my life, I found in Robert Munger's 'On the Threshold.' The line on the frontispice is the keynote of the book, 'Many are they who stumble on the threshold.' The author in that book sets forth the reason for such stumbling. While the modern youth might consider the work rather 'preachy' he would do well to follow some of the admonitions,—old but forever new and always of value to mankind, especially at the threshold of life. The opening chapter deals with this declaration of 'Purpose.'

"Man may be divided in many ways but there is no clearer cut division than between those who have a purpose and those who are without one. It is the character of the purpose that determines the man."

While not in the exact wording of the text, most men who have attained greatness have had a distinct purpose. The author of the book cites the life of Disraeli who, as a young Jew, scoffed into silence in the House of Commons, related quietly, with a smile, "The time will come when you will listen to me." It was the purpose of his life that made him England's Prime Minister.

Lawrence Cowle Phipps, born in Washington County in 1862, United States Senator for two terms, began life in the iron mills owned by the Carnegie Company. He made such a study of the work and having the essentials for promotion, he became in time vice president and treasurer, which offices he resigned when U. S. Steel bought out the concern. Senator Phipps settled in Denver, Colo., where he founded and endowed the Agnes Memorial Sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis and has there centered his activities in addition to his strenuous duties as Senator from the Centennial State.

\* \* \*

#### GENERAL J. G. HARBORD

*The President of the Radio Corporation of America finds Tom Moore's lines the "sweetest thing ever written."*

As an army officer General J. G. Harbord has lived the history of his generation; he has served in almost every army rank and has been in all sorts of army service. Few men have had such an opportunity to study mankind under discipline, pressure, violent action, and, that supreme test of all—under the leisure that follows grave danger in action.

Born in Bloomington, Ill. in 1866 just after the young Republic had passed through its mighty struggle it might seem that James Harbord had been born to peace. He attended the State Agricultural College of Manhattan, Kans., and later graduated from the Infantry and Cavalry Schools and Army War College.

With steps that seem almost automatic, he passed through the various ranks of Private to Quartermaster Sergeant, and Major of volunteer cavalry. At various periods he has borne the title of Brigadier General, Major General, Assistant Chief of Philippine Cavalry with rank of Colonel, Chief of Staff of A. E. F. in France, D. M. S. of the Red Cross and Army and was active at Chateau Thierry, Soissons and other decisive World War

engagements, receiving decorations from America, England, Belgium, Italy and France.

At present the General is President of the Radio Corporation and his activities, while in the line of peace and advancement of science, are not greatly lessened for anything connected with the improvement of radio matters and distribution of sound needs close application.

"No particular circumstances are connected with my favorite poem," said General Harbord, "but I think Tom Moore's song is the sweetest thing ever written." Repeating it one almost hears the obligato of the harp and the sweet voiced singer.



General J. G. Harbord

Believe me if all those endearing young charms  
Which I gaze on so fondly today  
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms

Like fairy gifts fading away,  
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment  
thou art

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart

Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while thy beauty and youth are thine own

And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear  
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known

To which time will but make thee most dear.  
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets

But as truly loves on to the close  
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,

The same look which she turned when he rose.

\* \* \*

#### MARTHA OSTENSO

*The Author of "Wild Geese" hears the Heart Call in Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach"*

A name calculated to inspire youth is that of Martha Ostenso, for she left her imprint on American literature while hardly more than a girl. She is typically of the Norse type and her coloring reflects her love of outdoor life, which might have had something to do with her title of her first novel. Fresh from college she won the largest money prize of a decade with her novel "Wild Geese." The book was popular and she won the hope of the modern writer,—that of having her book fittingly pictured. Even the subtle suggestions and the fire of emotions were well

depicted, for few changes were necessary for motion picture production.

Miss Ostenso was born in Bergen, Norway in 1900 and came to the United States in her infancy. She attended the Collegiate School—The University of Manitoba, and took a course in the technique of novel writing. Her first literary work was done at Winnipeg. It was a volume of poetry entitled "Far Land" and received much praise from critics.

Martha Ostenso has had the ability to "lift the roof," as Emerson phrases it, of the hardgoing life of the Middle West. Despite the fact that the life she describes seems dreary and often sordid, her exquisite touch and her glimmerings below the surface in her books are reflected in her contribution to Heart Throbs.

"If I have a favorite poem," she wrote, "it is Matthew Arnold's Dover Beach." Strangely enough several gifted authors have made the same selection. The calm, tranquil lines of the opening stanzas foreshadow the beauty of the poem—

The sea of faith  
Was once, too, at the full,  
And round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy long, withdrawing roar  
Retreating to the breath  
Of the night wind down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

\* \* \*

#### DR. CHRISTIAN REISNER

*The pastor of Broadway Temple in New York finds inspiration in a stray verse of poetry*

"With all your might," is a sort of creed with Dr. Christian F. Reisner of New York City whose unremitting labors have been concentrated in the creation of Broadway Temple.

"I owe much to the inspiration of this verse," said the popular preacher, and I attribute my success in building this great institutional church to the courage and faith that is related to the sentiment of this,—one of my favorite verses."

Be a breeze from the mountain height  
Be a font of pure delight,  
Be a star serene shining clear and keen  
Through the darkness and dread of night.  
Be something holy and helpful and bright  
Be the best that you can,—WITH ALL  
YOUR MIGHT.

"Sadly enough too many of us use a portion of our 'might' and the rest lies passive and unmoved while the world goes on," he continued. "Such may wonder why success does not come their way. 'Good luck' they call it, when someone surpasses them or outstrips them in the race, but it is usually the good luck that follows doing the work at hand with all one's might."

Dr. Reisner was born in Atchison, Kansas and attended Midland College, Boston University School of Theology and the Baker University. Ordained in the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1896, he has since crowded an enormous amount of work into the years. Serving as pastor in Kansas, in Grace Church, Denver, and Grace Church, New York, he is at present a Gotham pastor who is lighting the pathway of Broadway.

# Every Night a "First Night" on Radio

*Secrets of tremendous success of radio told by head of National Broadcasting Company—One hundred million percent increase since Harding's election—Five million sets seen in 1929—Romantic story of the ether waves—Why there's music "in the air"*

By M. H. AYLESWORTH

NOVEMBER 2, 1928 was the eighth birthday anniversary of America's husky, talented and loudspeaking child—Radio Broadcasting.

Just eight years before that night there occurred the first radio broadcast. It was election night, November 2, 1920. The results of the Harding-Cox Campaign were sent into the air by America's first broadcasting station, KDKA in Pittsburgh.

It wasn't much of a broadcast, as broadcasts go. The election returns were received on a few radio sets, built especially for the occasion by engineers of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, along with several hundred hopeful amateurs.

A few listeners, with earphones clamped to their heads, sat with their mouths opened and listened to a voice, projected over that ephemeral avenue we call ether, by radio broadcasting.

That was eight years ago. I suppose perhaps fifty people constituted the entire audience which actually heard that broadcast.

In November, 1928, we had another national election, and again the news was broadcast by radio. It was heard in twenty millions of homes in the United States and many additional points in foreign countries. It is quite safe to estimate that at least sixty millions of people were listening to radios on November 6.

That election night audience of fifty persons in November, 1920, had become sixty millions in November, 1928; it had been increased more than a million-fold in eight years. Expressed in percentages that means more than one hundred million per cent increase since the day that Warren Harding was elected President.

We have not ceased to marvel at radio as a scientific and engineering feat. Even those of us most closely associated with it continue to be thrilled by the spoken word, the musical note, transported thousands of miles over apparently nothing at all, by a force which we do not understand, caught up and reprojected by passing through some wires and lights and other apparatus in a little box. It is indeed a miracle.

And yet there are other miracles connected with radio—to which we have not given so much attention. There are the miracles of its industrial development, and those of its economic and sociological effects.

Just let's consider for a moment radio as an industrial marvel. A recent survey, made by an organization skilled in research, indicates that there are twelve millions of radio receiving sets now in use in the

United States. Of this number, only 3.19 per cent are owned by families which had radios five years ago. In other words, consumer acceptance of radio receivers has increased more than thirty-three times since 1923. That is a 3300 per cent increase in



M. H. Aylesworth  
President of the National Broadcasting Company

radio manufacture and use in five years.

That is an industrial marvel—a commercial record for all time. Never in the history of manufacturing in this or any other country has any commodity ever approached the percentage of acceptance by the purchasing public in so short a time. And the industry is far from having reached a saturation point. The demand for good radio sets is increasing. I believe I should err on the side of conservatism to estimate the production of radio sets in 1929 at five millions.

There has been a marked progress in the efficiency and simplicity of radio sets in the last five years. It no longer takes an engineer to operate one. We have progressed a long way from the early models (with numerous knobs and handles and switches and dials and whatnots) to the easily operated set of today.

Radio manufacture and distribution has passed through the successive stages of experimentation, introduction, promotion, general acceptance and stabilization in less than a decade—mostly within the last five years. This industrial record has no counterpart in the history of the country.

\* \* \*

What is the reason for this tremendous consumer demand? Obviously, it is not the radio sets *per se* but the demand for what they bring to us. Here is the secret of radio popularity:

Everybody is interested in something that comes over the radio, and some persons are interested in everything that comes over the radio.

That is why radio broadcasting contributes a welcome addition to the life of every normal man, woman and child in the country. And that is why broadcasting, in its many and varied aspects, exerts such a tremendous effect on our economic and social and sociological lives.

It contacts with so many different kinds of persons in so many different ways and with such varying individual intensity that it is impossible to envision or to approximate anything like its total effects.

Broadcasting seems to be everybody's business. It is really amusing to note the number of persons in various walks of life who say, "Why, radio is just like my business."

The vaudeville manager looks upon radio as a vaudeville show.

The concert bureau manager sees in radio a great concert bureau.

The teacher sees in radio an immense educational institution.

The scientist and the engineer look upon it as a scientific and engineering problem.

Esthetes consider it an art.

Preachers find in it a great force for the promotion of religion.

Musicians think of it in terms of music and music appreciation.

To the writer, it is a literary agent.

Everybody sees in radio his own business or trade or profession.

It is a remarkable fact that this new force which has so permeated our social fabric, has not supplanted, or even disturbed any of the social or industrial factors existing previous to the advent of radio.

Broadcasting, for instance, takes on some of the character of the publication business. It has some of the aspects of newspapers and of magazines. And yet, the publication industry has not been disturbed; it is more



profitable now than before the advent of radio. The circulation of newspapers has continued to grow. Advertising revenues have increased. In fact, advertising of radio manufacturers, and advertising of broadcast programs by commercial concerns have added new major classifications in publication revenue.

Artists of prominence were at first loath to appear on the radio, fearing they might jeopardize their drawing powers on the concert stage. But, peculiarly, it has demonstrated that despite the fact that millions hear them over the radio, their concert audiences have not decreased; in fact, they have actually greatly increased.

Radio partakes of much of the nature of the stage. Yet the theatres have not suffered. As a matter of fact, those theatres which have for several years regularly participated in radio broadcasts, are among the most prosperous in the country.

And so it goes, in each branch of the activities of radio. It has made a place for itself among our institutions, without crowding out any of the others, and without stepping on any toes. It has harmoniously slipped into our national life—into a new and previously unoccupied place.

Perhaps the chief reasons that radio has not disturbed any of the institutions similar in activities, is this: Broadcasting is never long continuous in any one type of program. Every hour, or half hour, or fifteen minutes, it leaps from grand opera to market reports; from lectures on boll weevils to saxophone solos or setting your watch.

Let us consider for a few moments some of the classifications of broadcasting programs. Perhaps we could get them from a typical day's program of the National Broadcasting Company.

We start the day at 6:45 A. M. with a health building program. A physical instructor, from a central point, directs classes in several cities in setting-up exercises. The next feature is religious in nature—daily morning devotions. There you have the body and the soul. Then a few minutes of music to remove the early morning grouch, and to furnish a tuneful background for breakfast and the morning paper. After that, just a few minutes of a cheerful inspirational program, designed largely for shut-ins.

Then, when the children have been fed and sent to school and the breakfast dishes done, there is some semi-classical music while mother dusts the living room. Then there are several features designed to be informative and interesting to the housewife. Experienced persons give ideas, counsel and advice on matters of deep concern to the one who is head of the household, if not head of the house. The topics vary from food to flowers to fashions.

At noon, music with the luncheon, followed by weather reports. From the National Broadcasting Company studios in Chicago, co-operating with the Department of Agriculture in Washington, there is at noon a special hour for the agriculturist

including some entertainment features as well as timely information and advice as to crop conditions and other matters of direct interest to him.

In the afternoon, on this particular day, a concert recital by a baritone, some music by a large dance orchestra, an educational music feature for children, a lecture on interior decoration, some semi-classical music, an eye-witness description of the dedication of a national park, a speech by a city planning expert, a lady reading her own poems and several other features.

In the evening there is first a bed-time feature for the children, followed by an hour of semi-classical dinner music, after this a period of hymn singing sponsored by the churches. Then a considerable variety of entertainment during the evening, including two orchestra periods, a lecture on financial matters, a Democratic campaign speech, a male quartet, a Republican speech, a short historical drama and finally an operatic production, accompanied by a concert orchestra. That brings us up to 12 o'clock with nothing to do until 6:45 next morning.

That is just one day's program. The next day's program will be entirely different, and there will be another different one for every day in the week, including Sunday. And every week's programs are different from those of the previous week. No program is repeated. Every night is a first night.

With such variety and such volume of production—we have more than five thousand microphone appearances a week—it is only natural that there will be great variation in quality of programs. They range from the ridiculous to the sublime, from monotony to intense interest.

But there is one quality which we do claim for the programs of the National Broadcasting Company, good, bad or indifferent—they are never offensive. Perhaps you have never thought of that. Probably it has never occurred to you that you haven't the slightest hesitation in permitting your children to listen to anything that is furnished by our broadcasting system. The decency of our radio broadcasts is not accidental. It is the result of carefully scrutinizing every entertainment that goes on the air, in order that nothing shall be broadcast that might be offensive to the most sensitive person. However, this rule of censorship does not apply to speeches by responsible persons on matters of public interest.

We do not pretend to set the moral standards of the country, but we do realize that we have a tremendous responsibility and a magnificent opportunity to be a constructive influence in matters spiritual and cultural. We recognize the fact that we exist because we give public service and that we must justify our existence by maintaining a high standard of public service and institutional integrity.

We believe that promotion of religion is one of our first responsibilities. Every

Sunday a large part of the afternoon in the National Broadcasting Company studios is devoted to addresses by famous religious leaders both Jewish and Gentile. Some of these features are designed for young people; some for older folks. They are non-sectarian and non-denominational. They are not designed as substitutes for church services. We have no intention of forming a radio church even though one of America's greatest preachers is now devoting virtually his entire time to radio addresses. He directs his efforts to promotion of basic religion, in complete harmony with the individual preacher and church regardless of denomination.

There isn't time to take up in detail even a small part of the many activities of broadcasting. We are now transmitting a series of musical programs, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, famous music educator, designed exclusively for students. Thousands of educational institutions are now equipped with receiving sets. In a few years every school and college in every organized community will be equipped with a radio. Students will have available to them the services of the greatest educators and foremost experts in all lines of activities.

It is one of the outstanding ambitions of the National Broadcasting Company to participate in organized nation-wide co-operation with the schools under proper sponsorship. By the time the educational institutions are generally equipped, I promise we will be ready to co-operate in such a movement.

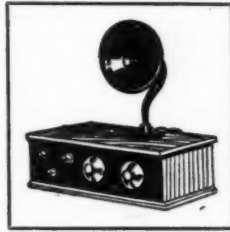
You have asked me to tell you about radio's influence on the nation. I think I know the questions that are uppermost in your mind: How effective is radio broadcasting? How many people listen in? Who are they? How do you know that they listen? How are they affected? Is radio primarily an agency of diversion, or is it an effective force?

I will not attempt to estimate the total effects of radio. How could I? Who is competent to supply a yardstick to measure the potency of an inspiring thought, heard by millions of people? Who is able to draw up a plan to measure the effect of a beautiful song?

The word may die in a moment; it may live forever. The song may go unappreciated; it may bring joy—it may bring cultural uplift—in the lives of millions. Who can measure it?

Of course, there are some types of broadcasting, a small part of whose effectiveness may be expressed in figures. The most striking example, I believe, is seen in the recent political campaign. It has been conducted almost exclusively over the radio.

Now let us see what has been done. For more than ten months we disseminated radio programs designed to educate the voter and to stimulate in him interest in his use of the ballot. It was called the Voters' Service and was carried over a large network of stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company. Chief credit for this



movement must go to women. This service was given in co-operation with the National League of Woman Voters. We supplied the instrument of communication; they inspired and produced the programs and the results more than justified our joint effort.

Men and women prominent in public life and experienced in presentation of governmental and political problems appeared before the microphones and presented in an interesting way, matters of national interest, political and otherwise.

There were warm debates on the air, but care was taken that in matters of controversial nature, both sides should have equal opportunity to present their cases and to give their partisan views.

The speakers awakened millions of people to realization of the problems of party government and to intelligent interest in the issues raised by partisan politics. They prepared the listeners to understand what was going on in the political campaign. They demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt the civic usefulness of radio broadcasting.

The campaigns began with the conventions of the Democratic and Republican parties. The proceedings of these meetings were delivered to the entire country, first-hand, by radio. Every word of every speaker, the noise of the demonstrations, the music of the bands was carried to the furthestmost corners of the country. The scenes were described accurately by trained observers. Prominent political experts, representing press associations and important newspapers, interpreted the moves of the politicians and analyzed the causes and effects of those things that were going on behind the scenes.

We heard the ringing speeches of the keynoters. We heard the nominations of the candidates. We heard the readings of the party platforms, and we were the unseen audience to the scenes in which the candidates were actually chosen to lead their parties.

Then came the formal notifications and the acceptance speeches of the candidates. In one case, a pouring rain prevented the nominee from addressing an expected great outdoor audience, and restricted his immediate hearers to a comparatively small group within the limited confines of a public building. But this was a radio campaign, and the rain in no way interfered with the reception of that speech by an immense audience through the breadth of the land—the folks who sat home heard the words from the radio speaker, even better than they were heard by the immediate audience.

\* \* \*

And then the campaign. The candidates for President and Vice-President and their leading speakers took to the air. Republican, Democrat and Socialist.

Both presidential candidates of the major parties were on the air the night before election. There were speeches by women, singly and in groups. There were speeches by men, and political playlets and campaign songs and campaign quartets. There were speeches by high school students, and college students, and high school teachers and college professors and by old time fire-eating seasoned campaigners. Women's organizations, men's organizations, non-partisan clubs, bi-partisan leagues, pro-this groups and anti-that groups—all wanted time on the air for their political messages.

And, incidentally, it was no easy matter for us to accord satisfaction to all political parties. It was far from simple to maintain our position of strict neutrality and equal opportunity to Republicans and Democrats and Socialists. Frequently political parties wanted the same hour on the same station. Frequently we were called upon for stupendous tasks in arranging hook-ups from out of the way places—and on short notice—such short notice that our staffs had to work day and night and Sunday to complete arrangements.

In addition to the speeches by the presidential and vice-presidential candidates, and their supporters, there were literally thousands of addresses delivered by state, county and municipal candidates and their friends and well-wishers. The front porch campaign and the swings around the circle on special trains are already antiquated methods of campaigning. The candidate now in one speech over radio networks reaches more persons in thirty minutes than he could have hoped to address in a year of front porch or special train campaigning.

The issues were carried directly to the voter, in a forcible way, and under conditions which found him receptive. He was informed not only of the official viewpoints of the Democratic, Republican and Socialist parties, but also of the personal opinions of the candidates.

In other words, men and women went to the polls on November 6th with information as to the principles of the parties, and also thoroughly familiar with the personalities, the prejudices and the ideas and aims of the leaders for whom he or she voted.

In April of last year before the National League of Women Voters, and again last June, in an address before the General Federation of Women's Clubs, I had the temerity to state that radio would elect our next President. I still believe I was right. I stated at that time that there would be an immense group of new voters at the polls on November 6th—persons whose decision to exercise the right of franchise would be directly due to the stimulation of public interest by the Voters' Service and by political campaigns conducted over the air.

Now let's see what has happened. What did we find on election day?

The registrations of voters all over the United States this year were so heavy that the question arose as to whether it would be possible to provide sufficient election machinery to permit everybody to vote. Election boards everywhere were caught unprepared for the greatest registration America had ever known.

In Boston was experienced a heavy increase. In New York and in Philadelphia and in Baltimore the number of new voters was simply amazing. If the election figures of New York furnished an accurate index, there was an increase in the total vote cast this year of 39.4 per cent over that of 1924; in other words the popular vote for President of the United States this year was something like eight millions more than the total vote for Coolidge, Davis, LaFollette and all the other candidates in 1924. As a matter of fact, the total registration this year was approximately fourteen millions more than the total vote of 1924.

Now that situation was not an accident. There are certain very definite underlying reasons why the American people poured out in such tremendous numbers to vote this Fall. A small proportion of this increase should be attributed, of course, to our normal gain in population, and then to some degree the increase may be attributed to the issues of the campaign.

But we have issues in every campaign. A great many elections have been more hotly fought than the one this year. And as far as increase in population is concerned, there have always been increases in population in the four year periods between elections. Nevertheless, within the last twenty-five or thirty years we have seen at least one election in which the total presidential vote actually decreased over a period of four years.

(1900 total vote, 13,800,000; 1904 total vote, 13,400,000.)

The only new and important vote creating agency in this election as against that of four years ago, and eight years ago, was the radio. It established a method of multiple contact between man and man. That is the answer to the immense balloting figures.

That is the reason that the popular vote for President increased from a little more than 29,000,000 in 1924, to nearly 40,000,000 in 1928.

Forty millions of people, including eight to ten million new voters well equipped to express their choice for President of the United States voted on November 6.

And may I add, that every mother's son, and daughter, of the entire forty millions, and more, was listening in on the radio that Tuesday night to find out how it all came out. You were all invited to the election party.





## Walter Scott's Golden Jubilee

*Impressive ceremonies marked the fiftieth anniversary of the president of Butler Brothers with his firm—Heart touches of a full and golden half century of unselfish service—Great honors come to private citizen who has devoted his life to kindness and helping others*

A ROSY-CHEEKED youth of fifteen, with large head and feet, entered the store of Butler Brothers in Boston in October, 1878, one year after it was founded. Fifty years later that event was celebrated in New York City. Distinctions and honors seldom accorded any man in private life were bestowed upon the boy who got a real job early in life. The youth is now Colonel Walter Scott, whose golden anniversary as an executive of the firm—and still "wedded to his job"—found him the same earnest worker as when the \$3 was passed to him for his first week's pay.

From a national and international standpoint, this occasion was one of more than passing moment. In his office at 860 Broadway, New York, banked high with flowers and tokens of affection, Walter Scott reported for work as he did fifty years previously on a crisp October day "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock." A succession of reminders continued from that time on, that kept him as busy as a prospective bride with her "showers." The anniversary day opened with a burst of sunshine; greetings in the form of cables, telegrams and letters from prominent people from all parts of the world flowed in upon him. They were from eminent men in South America, England, Scotland, Ireland, and various European countries, who rejoiced in the high honors heaped upon him. It was a harvest of affectionate greetings richly deserved. He sat amidst the rare trophies of books, pictures and statues given him by friends from everywhere. The setting seemed complete, but when the greeting came from the little crippled children of the Walter Scott Home, calling him to come and see them, there were tears in his eyes. He did not even finish all of the tender note, which read as follows:

### FROM CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S HOME

(Framed in gold, engrossed in vellum, and presented to Colonel Scott on his 50th Business Anniversary.)

To Mr. Walter Scott, President  
Free Industrial School for Crippled  
Children and Lulu Thorley Lyons  
Home for Crippled and Delicate Children  
on his Fiftieth Anniversary with  
Butler Brothers.

A man cannot go along the way of life for fifty years alone, for his life touches other lives on all sides. What has this contact brought to you, sir, and to us?

To you it has brought Happiness, because in your daily giving you have been successfully testing the Scriptural statement that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

To us it has given staunch faith in Kindness and Generosity and Love; for you have radiated all these qualities, and in this radiance your friends have realized the true value of Friendship. The Old have discovered that Life's sunset is Golden. The sick have been healed, as in the case of the "Mirror Girl." The little Crippled Children, who lovingly call you their Santa Claus, have seen the sunrise of a new life in which the prophecy of Health,

Education, Ambition and Happiness will all in good time come true.

Quite enough, surely, to make your Fiftieth Anniversary a GOLDEN JUBILEE. And it gives a Golden Opportunity for your Society (which is ours

their happy young lives made possible by such generous souls as Walter Scott. He plays with them—sings with them—laughs with them—the beloved daddy of little ones



Walter Scott

also) to have the honor of presenting to you this Engrossed Testimonial. The Thought was Mrs. Bullard's, and the beautiful Words are hers, but the Sentiment comes from all our Hearts.

Faithfully,

Mrs. F. Elwood Briggs,  
Mrs. M. Eleanor Bullard,  
Mrs. Alton Brooks Parker,  
Committee on Presentation.

Leaving at once to see his kiddies, he put all else aside. I have seen him with these children in playdays and in the sunshine of

He has showered more presents on children than any one Santa Claus in the flesh. Walter Scott just cannot help it, for he early established the habit of being kind. All these continuous acts of thoughtfulness reaching out through the half century were returning after these fifty years—were coming back to him in a veritable tidal wave of affection. The hours with the children still continue his supreme moments of happiness and furnish the great joy of his life.



Colonel Walter Scott's two-score-and-ten years of business activity have also covered more years of real service to interests outside his business than is to be found to the credit of many men of high honor in public life. Like Tennyson's "Brook," his work has gone merrily on—day after day—without cessation, while many public men are only busy at Christmas time or while they are in the spotlight of public or active life.

Could anyone ever forget the occasion of their first meeting with Walter Scott? It was invariably associated with some generous act. Consequently, his friends cannot remember the time when they did not know

him—this big-hearted soul, who seems to have been always at it, and one whose work will go on—an inspiration to those who follow.

At a Lotos Club dinner in New York I first met this energetic man whose beaming face harmonized with the elaborate floral decorations. These hard-headed business men, in the midst of the annual dinner, noticed a telegram given to one of the guests. When it was whispered that it contained the news his sister was dying, there was a wave of sympathy around the table. After his departure every man arose and repeated the Lord's Prayer—as a supplication for the sister's return to health and comfort in the dark hour.

It is not necessary to record that this man of Scotch forbears, with the heart of a Robert Burns, was a leader in that prayer. A few days later I visited a friend who was ill. There were flowers from Walter Scott with the greeting, "I have whispered messages of love into the petals of these flowers." These are only everyday incidents in the life of this busy man, whom I have met at early breakfast of bacon and eggs at the Waldorf.

A mere chronological summary of the life activities of Walter Scott, the busiest of busy men, outside of his business, is ample material for one of the most interesting biographies of a typical American in these swift-moving times. At Scottish gatherings all over the country his deeds are recorded, for some years ago he was Royal Chief of the Order of Scottish Clans and at present is Past Royal Chief and life member of the Executive Committee. With all this fervid love for the land of his forbears, Walter Scott has been numbered as among America's foremost patriotic citizens.

Although born in Montreal, he came to the United States at an early age and considers himself all American. His address, "Scotland's Contribution to America," widely reprinted throughout the country after its delivery at Flora MacDonald College, at Red Springs, North Carolina, presents a new and impressive phase of what this high type of adopted citizens means to this country.

It is indeed a rare privilege and a high honor to be permitted to testify in behalf of our beloved Scotia, her vast influence in the development of this our wonderful country, and the untiring efforts of her sons in the arts, science and moral spheres which have contributed much to make America the land of hope and the acknowledged leader in the progress of the world.

What peculiar quality does this little country of the North possess and transmit to her sons that has produced its unmistakable force for liberty and civic advancement in the land which has received us?

Other lands are rugged, requiring toil and hardship in exchange for a bare living. Other countries demand the maximum labor in exchange for the minimum of life's necessities. Scotland is not the only country that discourages prodigality and teaches economy. What is the moral heaven she possesses? What is the secret?

My opinion is based on history, observation and my own experiences; and that is, the foundation of Scotland's greatness is the Rock of Ages, an unflinching religious conviction that has moulded the will and developed the character of her sons and daughters.

The Bible is the textbook in her schools; it is the sacred book in the home, and is the force that elevates their lives to the highest form of moral and civic conduct.

The kirk in the glen, the hame in the heather, and the towering pinnacles of her purple hills are a constant reminder of the eternal truths, bidding the young man to "seek the Kingdom of God and all things shall be added unto you."

To quote from John Foord: "It has been said that the Scot is never so much at home as when he is abroad. Under this half-jesting reference to one of the characteristics of our race, there abides a sober truth, namely, that the Scotsman carries with him from his parent home into the world without, no half-hearted acceptance of the duties required of him in the land of his adoption. He is usually a public-spirited citizen, a useful member of society, wherever you find him. But that does not lessen the warmth of his attachment to the place of his birth, or the land of his forbears. Be his connection with Scotland near or remote, there is enshrined in the inner sanctuary of his heart, memories, sentiments, yearnings, that are the heritage of generations with whom love of their country was a dominant passion, and pride in the deeds that her children have done an incentive to effort and an antidote against all that was base or ignoble."

One of the outstanding features of a Scot's char-



acter is that it can thrive and flourish only in the land of a free and liberty-loving people. There are unquestionably Scottish merchants who have been successful in business in Russia, Turkey, Germany and other empires; but outside of Great Britain, her colonies, and our Great Republic of the United States, no Scot has in a predominant way moulded the destinies of a nation.

The great English-speaking races of the world are democratic and self-governing. The spirit of unselfishness and sacrifice underlies the proper exercise of the ballot, and a people without belief in God and in a future life cannot remain free.

That is why the Scotsman has contributed so much to our institutions. His religion has taught him a respect for the law, and if law be not sacred and respected, no free government can endure.

In support of my contention, permit me to quote two Presidents of our country. Washington, in his farewell address said: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

After all these years this truth was reaffirmed by President Coolidge, speaking at Wilmington, Del.: "A religious foundation is necessary if the other attributes of an education are to survive. Without this religious education the study of the classics, vocational training and the rest would fail."

The perpetuity of our country, her freedom, the advance of knowledge, science and arts are inseparable from the eternal truth which religion teaches, and they were told us and repeated by lisping tongues at our mothers' knees.

With this character analysis as a background, let us review the efforts and contributions of a few men and women of Scottish descent to the history of our country.

Fifty years before the French and Indian War, Scottish emigration began to flow to America—one direct from the motherland, and another from the north of Ireland; although even a hundred years before that date a number of prosperous Scots were living at Boston, for during the wars between Scotland and England a large number of Scottish prisoners taken at Dunbar and Worcester in 1650 were sold into service in the colonies.

When they arrived in Boston Harbor on the ship *John and Sara*, their condition was so destitute that the "Scots' Charitable Society of Boston" was formed to relieve their suffering, and this is the earliest known Scottish Society in America and the first known charitable organization in the United States.

From 1700 to 1775, all the colonies from Massachusetts to North Carolina and Georgia received their share of incoming settlers from Scotland. As you know, in 1739 Neill McNeill of Jura led to the shores of North Carolina a band of over three hundred and fifty Scots, who settled in this very vicinity, and thus, in a sense, made possible this gathering today.

*It is interesting to remark that while no nation is more clannish than the Scots, it was the one race that did not concentrate its colonizing in one section.*

They made their homes among the New England Puritans, the Dutch at New York and Pennsylvania, the Huguenots of the South, the Royalists of Virginia; and in 1736, one hundred and thirty Highlanders, with fifty women and children, under the leadership of Hugh Mackay, landed at Savannah and started for the Spanish Settlements in Florida.

It seems that a wise Providence provided just such a people to stabilize the dissension of a young country in its infancy. Each colony had nothing in common with its neighbor. Massachusetts' problems were distinct from Virginia's. New York had no bonds in common with Pennsylvania, and New Jersey was foreign to North Carolina.

When the great crisis broke in 1775, we were fortunate to have, in every state, Scottish patriots whose inherited love of freedom and righteousness was not influenced by the conflict of sectional environment, and they developed the bond of nationalism which cemented thirteen separate states into our great Democracy, which in one hundred and fifty years (a period insignificant in history) has as-

sumed a position greater than Rome's at the beginning of the Christian era.

Eight of the thirteen original states had colonial and provincial Governors of Scottish birth or descent, from 1687 until 1789.

At least nine of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were of Scottish origin, among them Dr. John Witherspoon, the first president of Princeton College.

Of thirty Presidents of the United States, Monroe, Grant, Hayes, Roosevelt and Wilson were of Scottish descent, and Polk, Buchanan, Arthur and McKinley were of Ulster Scot descent.

Some authorities state that President Jackson was also of Ulster Scot descent, as his father belonged to Carrickfergus, and his mother's maiden name, Hutchinson, is Scottish.

Six Vice-Presidents were of Scottish descent, and every cabinet office, the Senate, and the House of Representatives have been stimulated by the ideals and teaching of Scottish inheritance.

Froude has truly stated, "No people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as the Scots have done. No people have a greater right to be proud of their blood." He might have added, and in no country has their influence been greater than in America.

The legal, theological and medical professions have had their share of this stimulating influence. Fifteen out of fifty judges of the Supreme Court inherited Scottish blood, and the mother of John Marshall, the great Chief Justice, was a Scot.

In the Army and Navy the fighting blood of Scotland has registered its influence on our country's glorious history. The names of many famous leaders of the Army could be mentioned, and among the outstanding Scots of the Navy was John Paul Jones, whose bust was unveiled in the Hall of Fame at New York University a few days ago.

In science, education and literature, a legion passes in review. Time will not permit me to mention all the names, but in passing I cannot refrain from speaking of Alexander Graham Bell and Samuel F. B. Morse, whose inventions revolutionized business methods and brought the peoples of the world into such close contact. As you have read, a bust of Morse also has just been placed in the Hall of Fame.

I could not sum up the work and worth of the Scots in the building of the United States of America without including the Order of Scottish Clans, composed of Scotsmen and their descendants—an American-Scottish organization founded fifty years ago in St. Louis by James MacCash, who laid far more enduring foundations than he imagined, because this year it will celebrate its Golden Anniversary with over twenty-five thousand members, every one of them or their parents, born in the Land of the Heather. This organization has always stood for Americanization a hundred per cent plus, and has spent several million dollars in taking care of its members and their families. Today it has in its treasury a surplus of over a million and a quarter dollars. Its present head is Royal Chief Duncan MacInnes of New York. And whenever we mention the Order of Scottish Clans we must include the Daughters of Scotia, its sister organization, which has a membership of about eighteen thousand Scottish women banded together along the same lines. It was instituted in 1899, in a little dining-room at New Haven, Conn., by the late George D. Bone and Mrs. Bone. Again we find those enduring qualities present in its conception, for these American-Scottish women stand for everything that is American and are doing good to their kith and kin. They, too, have a large surplus in their treasury with which to carry on the good work. The present executive head is Mrs. Mary Guest of Bridgeport, Conn.

Another American-Scottish Society connected with the Order of Scottish Clans, is the Ladies' Auxiliary. This Society has several thousand members and quite a large fund to the good. Mrs. Jessie Fisher of Everett, Mass., is president.

If time permitted, I could speak of the many Scottish organizations that we have here—the Saint Andrew's Societies, Caledonian Clubs, Burns Societies, Sir Walter Scott organizations, the Robert Louis Stevenson Society and various others. I will mention only one in particular, to which I referred a few moments ago—The Scots' Charitable Society of Boston, which was instituted in 1657 and is in a flourishing condition. This Society has been engaged in doing good every day since its inception.

Among the individuals to whom I have referred I must include the name of one of the most popular Scotsmen of his time—Andrew Carnegie—one of the world's benefactors, who accomplished so much in strengthening the ties between the motherland and the wifeland; in fact, the flag that flew over Skibo Castle had on one side Scotland's Saint Andrew's Cross and on the other the Stars and Stripes.

\* \* \*

During the war, attired in uniform, or in the routine of his daily work in mufti, Walter Scott made contributions that would justify receiving the Distinguished Service Medal. In his work of preserving the Robert Louis Stevenson home in the Adirondacks, he rendered the literary world a distinctive service.

The souvenir prepared for the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary with Butler Brothers was a graphic panorama of the career of Colonel Walter Scott. The occasion was a banquet at the Waldorf, presided over by Frank S. Cunningham, president of Butler Brothers, as toastmaster. George W. Gerlach was chairman. Escorted to the banquet hall in baronial style by three Highland pipers in full costume, the board of directors and representatives of the firm from all over the country gave Colonel Scott a royal welcome. There was not much thought of during that entire evening except the modern Walter Scott and "his works." Eleven pictures of Colonel Scott in various stages of his business career, accompanied by real heart throb verses, commemorated the golden jubilee of his service. The guest of honor accepted the magnificent diamond and emerald button presented by his firm with the comment that were he to return to earth after being called to the Great Beyond, his first wish would be to carry on with another fifty years of happiness with Butler Brothers.

It was at this time that the letter to Colonel Scott from his daughter, Mrs. Russell Magna, (who was present) was read. It was engrossed on vellum and framed in gold.

Dearest Dad—A proper tribute on this golden anniversary is a difficult one to pay. You will receive many and various ones, richly deserved, and lovingly conceived. Your friends are legion—they encircle the globe; and friends, relatives, associates, acquaintances, and many who know of you, but have never met you, take pleasure in pausing during the busy hours to congratulate a man who has given a lifetime of daily devotion to his business. I use the pronoun advisedly, for Butler Brothers is part and parcel of you. You have served it as boy and man, loyally, devotedly, unselfishly, so that, relatively speaking, you are Its Big Brother, Its Friend in every sense, and at times Its Guiding Star. You have never asked of others what you were not willing to do yourself. Punctual, steadfast, generous in mind, heart and purse, stern when necessary, always kind, you have become beloved.

I hope this 8th of October will be rich in the rewards you deserve, and may your heart beat happy that

You've played the whole game with smiling,

Whatever the odds were, you've won,

The darkest of days were the brightest,

You've served fifty years in the sun.

My heart's love and congratulations.

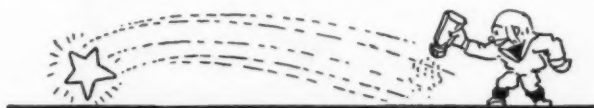
Your loving daughter, EDITH.

Holyoke, Mass., October 7, 1928.

Six of his oldest business friends of George Borgfeldt and Company presented him with a bronze statue of the Winged Victory, designed by Barrias, the noted French sculptor.

Remembrances came in rapid succession during these happy hours of the golden jubilee.

*Continued on page 137*



# A New Book—"Favorite Heart Throbs"

*It has been a busy year for the Chapple books—"To Bagdad and Back," followed by "Our Jim" and "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" scheduled for publication in 1928*

ALTHOUGH Joe Mitchell Chapple has not yet reached the stage where he brings out new books as frequently as he publishes the NATIONAL MAGAZINE," says John Clair Minot, the literary critic, in the *Boston Herald*, "but it is evident he is fast approaching it."

The occurrences which inspired this remark by Mr. Minot were the publication in one month by Mr. Chapple of two books and the announcement of a third.

The first book was "Yes—Hoover and Why," which was pronounced the most readable, literary and worthy work inspired by the campaign, and so impressed the members of the National Committee that they authorized its publication as a campaign document.

The other books referred to are "Our Jim," a biography of the Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the cabinets of Presidents Harding and Coolidge, published within the month; and "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People," Mr. Chapple's latest and forthcoming volume of his famous "Heart Throb" series, titled "Favorite Heart Throbs," which is to appear December 10.

First reviews mark "Our Jim," Mr. Chapple's latest book, with the stamp of approval of able critics as an important, appropriately-handled, and essentially valuable biography.

It is a carefully done life story of Mr. Davis, with an estimate of his character and ability that only one who has been closely associated with him could give. The introduction tells the story.

The book opens with the picture of "little Jim" landing in America with his parents, immigrants from Wales, at the age of seven. As a youth he was an iron-puddler, and literally worked his way up to the distinction of his present Cabinet position. His is a story that is essentially the romance of America.

Says the *Boston Herald*, "Mr. Chapple supplements the story of Secretary Davis' career as a worker and in public life with an extended account of his activities in the Loyal Order of the Moose, of which he has long been the director-general; and especially his great work in founding and administering Moosehart, Ill., and Moosehaven, Florida. Secretary Davis himself told his life story in that inspiring book, 'The Iron Puddler,' but Mr. Chapple tells of his achievements and his splendid humanitarian work in a way that his own modesty prevented."

The story of the life of "Jim" Davis is told simply, straightforwardly, and in a melodious style of prose that seldom finds its way into books of biography. It proceeds logically and chronologically, proceeding from boyhood days through youth and early manhood in the steel mills; the struggle for self-education is told vividly; then the entry into politics and the young man's formulation of his own sound political creed out of the mass of ideas and uprisings of the late nineteenth century. Gradually in the kindly heart of "Jim" Davis the idea of the Moose lodge was formulated.

Then came the call from President Harding to a Cabinet position and the beginning of eight years of distinguished service in a capacity of honor and responsibility. How James Davis piloted the ship of labor through the troublous post-war days is told dramatically, and the various problems of the vital labor question are discussed in a human and interesting way, through the perspective of the Davis character. The book tells much of the Moose movement—James Davis' "dream come true"—and closes in the way it begins, with a quiet, personal and enjoyable estimate of the man's personality and character, a "true story" told like a romance.

"The book is a 'romance,'" says the *Western Mail* of Cardiff, Wales. "This is because the author knows his subject intimately as a man imbued at all times with the highest motives, founded on the basic principles of self-sacrifice and service for others."

"Our Jim," from the facile pen of Joe Mitchell Chapple, is peculiarly opportune, particularly to students of sociology. Every step in the career of Hon. James J. Davis is given in chronological order, so that the book opens with the simple verities taught in the Welsh home, then gradually expands into treatment of great industrial problems, and reaches its climax in a paean of praise for the man's extraordinary organizing genius. Every page is a sermon on rectitude of conduct as between man and man, yet it savors not in the least of pragmatism.

"The great work of Mr. Davis cannot be properly appreciated this side of the water without the aid of Joe Mitchell Chapple's book, which is a full biography that avoids fulsomeness and points the moral without developing into a preachment."

From "the other side of the water" comes

another word of praise—this time from the *South Wales News* of Cardiff, which says: "Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple is a friend of 'Jim' Davis and willing to go on record to the world of that fact or faith. He has written a thoroughly readable biography, full of facts and details, and has given a picture of great significance, arousing sympathy and kindness for the person."

"Our Jim" is destined for a place as the most readable biography of the year.

\* \* \*

"Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People," Joe Mitchell Chapple's forthcoming book, announced for publication December 10, is his world-famous "Heart Throb" idea carried out to the ultimate.

Mr. Chapple's old, original "Heart Throb" books have sold over a million copies and have recently been issued in three new editions. Now comes a greater thrill than ever for "Heart Throb" lovers in the new book. And every "Heart Throb" enthusiast will want a copy of the new "Favorite Heart Throbs."

"Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" means just what it says. Mr. Chapple has interviewed more than 9,000 living celebrities, and he has obtained the verse or bit of prose that has most touched the heart of each one. He has selected from some hundreds of these which he considers a fitting overture for a series of volumes for the book. But that isn't all. Mr. Chapple, from his close personal acquaintance and friendship with his "subjects," has added an intimate, inspirational sketch "from life" of each one of the famous persons interviewed.

The material of the book is similar to Mr. Chapple's daily syndicated feature, "Today's Heart Throb," appearing in newspapers from coast to coast.

"Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" appears to be scheduled for an even more successful career than the earlier "Heart Throbs." Its publication at this time is opportune, for it immediately stamps itself as the ideal gift book for the holiday season.

As has been aptly said, when you read "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People," you look into the innermost recesses of the hearts of the great men and women of this generation—a living, breathing encyclopedia that will be often consulted.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.



Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.



# Affairs and Folks

*A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events*

**W**HAT'S doing in Insuranceland is found, in one instance, in the insuring of a college football field tarpaulin. It was "taken on" by one of the so-called inland marine departments of an alert underwriting firm. The tarpaulin, an immense affair, was used to cover the football field prior to big games and during inclement weather. It had considerable value, of course. It was insured against loss from fire while in storage, also against theft, mysterious disappearance and other hazards such as lightning and earthquake. The team might know its signals, but the endowed university wasn't going to take any chance on trick plays with its canvas investment.

In another recent case, a carefully chosen messenger was traveling from one city to another on a crack Pullman train. He carried a valuable assortment of antique watches, to be placed on exhibition in a city half way across the continent. He had the case containing the horological antiquities strapped to his wrist while en route. The wards to these tickless timepieces did not care to trifle with their investment in these valuable acquisitions and so they insured the guarded watches against loss from "all risks," during the train ride. Yes, the emissary arrived safely, after which the underwriters resumed their golf to improved scores.

A "gentleman from Indiana" wanted an expensive set of false teeth insured against loss by theft, fire, accident and misplacement. In other words, against false moves, false play or faults of any variety. He was and still is so accommodated. They call it an "all risk false teeth policy." His doctor thinks the policyholders' digestion much better since the coverage has been issued.

Will they insure artificial limbs? Certainly. Not against "marring, scratching, or small breakage," but from fire and other major misfortunes. One so unfortunate might, in case of danger, keep his head, but lose a leg, an arm, or an eye. Or the artificial member might suffer loss through a train wreck, a cyclone or an earthquake. It all comes under the head of "scheduled property insurance." What next? Perhaps insurance against unexpected fright from ghosts. Or heart attack from unexpected increase in salary.

We proceed to another insurance summons. A bank became concerned lest some clerk make a mistake and forget to instruct some mortgagee regarding the renewal of his fire insurance and so cause the bank a financial loss if the property on which they had placed a mortgage burned up during the interim. And so a blanket "errors and omissions" policy was devised and written to protect the bank if they got caught in a jam with no specific fire insurance.

Among the other "latests" is a policy which protects frightened property owners from loss to their cherished property from falling airplanes, or balloons, or poorly guided para-

way once in a while into coal deposits and burn them up. She didn't intend to stand any losses in that direction. So she carries the aforesaid mine insurance.

Which brings to mind an odd fire insurance loss which occurred in the coal mining field. One day the lady of a house went into the cellar—usually a man's privilege—but in this case Providence, it seems, well directed her. She discovered that one of the cellar walls was rather warm. Investigation proved that a subterranean fire had found its way underground to the house. And so, in quick order, the house, sans cellar, was moved several blocks away to a newly prepared foundation. After it had been taken away on skids and rollers, the original plot broke into flames and had to be converted into a water hole. A short time thereafter a lawyer discovered that the policy condition of that state permitted reimbursement for "property removed when endangered by fire." The companies paid.

Another new policy insures works of art and paintings and tapestries against "all risk" losses while in a home or a museum. The same companies who write the "all risk" fur and jewelry floaters are responsible for this.

The insuring of radium in doctors' offices, valuables in safe deposit boxes, bombing hazards, oil heater explosions, rugs in transit to cleaners, films being produced, passengers in airplanes, and such, is getting to be as common as new mystery stories. And in England they go a few better for they insure authors against plagiarism; motorists from rubber tire blow-outs; doctors against loss of medical fees and other little ingenious financial worries. Broadly speaking, insurance may, verily, be said to be on the go.

—BY CLARENCE T. HUBBARD.

\* \* \*



U. S. Senator William Edgar Borah

chutes—as well as tools or bombs or any other little tokens which the amateur sky riders might accidentally let fall. Such policies are written to protect the shrubbery as well as "the little white house on the hill."

Another cover—not exactly one to find favor in Scotland—is an "all risk" policy on toll bridges. In event the bridges are struck by lightning, bombed by radicals, or blown away by winds, or their "trade" interrupted by other major perils, they have blanket insurance to substitute until the tolls can be resumed.

A virgin coal mine was insured by its lady proprietor in Pennsylvania. Against what? Loss by fire! It's this way: The foresighted mine owner knew from observation and experience that subterranean fires did snake their

**E**LECTION has come and gone and the most exciting campaign in years is now only a memory. One incident in the closing hours of the campaign was so dramatic and memorable as to deserve the attention that it was not given at the time—due to a combination of circumstances. That is the speech of Senator Borah, closing the Republican drive in Boston on Friday night, November 2.

Because of the late hour—due to the radio addresses by both presidential candidates and a mammoth torchlight parade earlier in the evening, Borah's speech had been delayed until 10:30—few newspapers were able to give as prominent account of the meeting as its importance merited.

But those who were present declare they will never forget the occasion. Old stagers say that for roof-raising political excitement

they had never seen the like, and "first voters" anticipate using the 1928 slang phrase "you ain't heard nothin'" on their grandchildren fifty years hence when oratory is mentioned. Let it be recorded that five thousand people were left stranded and marooned to seek hotel accommodations in Boston that night after the last trains had left, because they were unable to tear themselves away while Senator Borah was speaking.

Long before the meeting started there were little bands of persons in various parts of the hall—the same parts from which cries of "oil" came later in the evening. Far from objecting to their presence, Republicans were afterwards glad, for it was the hecklers who brought about the most exciting event of the campaign.

Senator Borah started slowly, obviously tired and worn. Cries of "open up" from the audience increased his pace and the telling effect of his pointed shafts. Finally, toward the close, the annoying shouts of "oil" became persistent, and the leonine orator of Idaho turned upon the disturbers with a magnificent gesture. "All right, I talk about oil all you want," he said—and he did. And when he came to his climax with a statement that the answer of the Republican party and the American people to "oil" had been the election of 1924 of "a clean ticket headed by Calvin Coolidge," that Massachusetts audience came to its feet as one person.

But Borah had only begun. "Now that you've asked me about 'associates,'" he said, "I want to talk about the associates of the Democratic candidate." And there at the hour of midnight—with fifteen thousand people hanging on his words and shouting "No" when he said he was taking too much time—stood the orator of his age, his arms going like flails, denouncing Tammany Hall with all the strength at his command until one could feel the physical force of the blows as they hit home. It was a magnificent spectacle. The spontaneity of the former ovation was as nothing to what the audience gave at the conclusion. No football game ever inspired a wilder demonstration.

The people of Massachusetts, trained in the tradition of oratory, how knew what true oratory meant.

Wildest enthusiasm prevailed until the end, and when Senator Borah declared that the nation would elect Herbert Hoover "not only for four years, but for—" the audience arose *en masse* and drowned his words with a mighty "Eight years!"

\* \* \*

**T**WICE voted the most popular man in America in a national campaign conducted by the *Hotel Review*, Harry S. Bond, of Hartford, enjoys the pleasure that comes from having achieved the pinnacle of the industry to which one has dedicated his life work. In this country, as well as abroad, the name "Bond" is synonymous with Hartford and its leading hotels, three of which are owned by the Hotel Bond Company, of which Mr. Bond is the founder.

That Mr. Bond appreciates the importance to any progressive city of having suitable hotel accommodations is shown by the fact that when he built his first Hotel Bond in 1912, he chose as his slogan "A City is known by Its Hotels." In observing the crystal anniversary of his hotel venture recently, Mr.

Bond said to newspaper men who asked what his main objective in life is: "To see that the Hotel Bond Company keeps apace with the city of Hartford."

Mr. Bond began his career at the age of sixteen at the Mansion House in Greenfield, Massachusetts, where he remained for five years, with the exception of one season which he spent at the Piney Woods Hotel, Thomasville, Georgia, as mail clerk. At the age of twenty-one, he came to Hartford to become clerk in the United States Hotel, then owned



Harry S. Bond

by James B. Ryan, which position he held for one year. He was then appointed by James B. Ryan, as assistant manager at the Elm Tree Inn. Three years later Mr. Bond and Mr. Ryan formed a partnership under which they conducted a restaurant at 232 Asylum Street, Hartford, Connecticut, the firm's name being Bond & Ryan. At the end of the first year Mr. Bond bought out his partner, subsequently conducting the expanding business for nine years himself. The business grew so rapidly and acquired such a name throughout Hartford and vicinity that during the last year Mr. Bond found his place insufficient to meet the demands of his growing business. He finally leased the largest place available in the city, known as Matt H. Hewen's billiard parlors, and a site on which a recent addition of the Travelers' Insurance Company was erected. Mr. Bond occupied the main floor, but in order to accommodate the increasing number of patrons, it was necessary for him to add another, the beginning of the second year, and within two years he took over the third; at that time introducing in New England, the remarkable service, cuisine, and methods of the great international restaurants of Europe and the metropolitan city of New York. Mr. Bond built this business around the slogan "Personal attention of the proprietor to every guest," and thousands in and out of Hartford will recall Mr. Bond's graciousness and solicitation for the service rendered to every guest, notwithstanding that upon many occasions several hundred dined there at once. Among those who patronized this restaurant were thousands of the United Commercial Trav-

elers who were registered at the different local hotels. They were so well pleased with the service and hospitality which Mr. Bond extended them that they repeatedly urged him to build a hotel which they could make their headquarters while in Hartford. As a result, the Hotel Bond Company was incorporated in March, 1912, and on August 18, 1913, the original Hotel Bond was opened.

The hotel was so successful that in 1914 Mr. Bond opened the Bond Annex Hotel, now one of the best known commercial houses in New England, and in 1918 the Bondmore Hotel, likewise an extremely popular hotel with commercial men.

In 1920 he was compelled to build a larger addition to the Hotel Bond and the lobby of this later unit is considered one of the most attractive and best appointed of any hotel in New England. Certainly it is a credit to the capitol city of Hartford, and is but another indication that Mr. Bond plans to keep pace with the growth of the city and the hotel demands of the city.

Still another expansion was necessary in 1924, when sixty-six attractive rooms were added through the purchase of the Lathrop Building adjoining the Hotel Bond and the conversion of the second, third and fourth floors into a modern hotel layout.

The latest step of progress with the Hotel Bond Company was the construction of four new banquet halls, completed in November, 1928. Three of these rooms represent notable periods of architecture, one typifying ancient, the other medieval and the third modern. The fourth is a Spanish room. These rooms are halfway between Asylum and Allyn Streets and are so isolated from the hotel that luncheons, dinners, and meetings may be held in them with assurance that there will be no interference of any kind.

Another indication of Mr. Bond's foresight is the fact that the Bond Hotels have greater parking facilities than any hotel in New England. With most hotels, this is a serious problem today, and in many cases an almost insurmountable one because of the prohibitive cost of central property, but Mr. Bond, with his characteristic vision, anticipated this situation and so provided that the Bond Hotels boast of parking facilities in their immediate locality for more than fifteen hundred cars.

Plans and specifications are now complete for an addition to the Hotel Bond which will consist of three hundred and twenty rooms, each with bath. It is expected that the construction of this "Greater Hotel Bond" will be commenced about September 1, 1929.

Mr. Bond, despite the great demands made upon his mental and physical energy in the management of his own business, has always been one of the leaders in civic movements which make for a better city in which to work and live. Notable in his achievements was the direction of the campaign to reorganize the Hartford Chamber of Commerce, as a result of which Hartford now boasts of one of the most virile Chambers of Commerce in the United States.

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**T**HE Braggiotti Sisters—Francesca and Gloria—are Boston's leading exponents of the dance and for years have operated the largest dancing school in New England. Their connection with the Denishawn School



in New York immediately classes them with the elite of their craft and gives them a rating second to none. In their school are over two hundred and fifty pupils, mostly girls from the highest society in Boston. Their annual recital in the Spring is one of the big events locally and is eagerly looked forward to by the dance-loving public of Boston.

Six years ago Bart E. Grady, then the manager of B. F. Keith's Theatre, made the sisters a proposition to enter vaudeville for a local engagement. Upon their acceptance he framed and produced an act which was an immediate success and which won for the girls an engagement each summer at this popular theatre. This season they made an appearance at the Keith-Albee Theatre and again won tremendous applause.

This past summer Francesca and Gloria conducted classes for children and ladies at the Swanhurst School of Fine Arts in Newport, Rhode Island, under the auspices of the Newport Art Association. While in Newport they also gave an elaborate program of dances at the estate of Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster, the president of the Newport Garden Association.

In addition to the above Francesca found time to appear at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York City, giving solo dances with Mr. Shawn. Ruth St. Denis and Gloria and Francesca were featured.

The vaudeville act presented by the girls has been offered a long route over the entire Keith-Albee Orpheum circuit and this matter is now under consideration by them. In November they opened their school on Berkeley Street for the sixth season.

THE majority of the people are unaware of just what happens to their letter when they deposit it in a street letter box, so I am going to take you on a journey, following closely all the details necessary to finally deliver your letter at its destination. The street letter box is collected at stated times, so your letter is taken to the post office, where it passes through a cancelling machine, which stamps the month, day and hour of the receipt of each letter. It then goes to a distributing table and is sorted into a letter case.

At a certain hour this case is tied out in various packages, according to their destination, enclosed in a mail pouch, and dispatched to the railway post office. On arrival, this pouch is opened and the contents distributed to the various pouches. These pouches form a network from which not only the whole of our own country, but the known world is served. In this car are expert distributors, especially trained on the distribution of mail of certain states, which insures your letter proper handling and its arrival at destination at the earliest possible moment.

In a journey of eight hundred miles over some routes your letter passes through the hands of at least twenty-six employees.

One of the hardest trials to the clerks are the so-called window envelopes, which are very trying to the eyes, and retard them in their work.

I would say a few words in regard to the (nixie) or misdirected or undeliverable letter. Although there is a possible doubt of the correctness of the address on the letter you send out, you are positive of your own address, so by placing same on all your correspondence you will not only get a quick check up

and return, but will save the government thousands of dollars yearly.

—JOHN F. LYNCH

THE University of Cologne, Germany, has paid to Mr. William E. Weiss, of Wheeling, W. Va., one of the founders and General Manager of Sterling Products, Inc., an unusual distinction by bestowing unanimously upon him the title of Doctor Philosophiae Honoris Causa.

Mr. Weiss is the first and only American to be so honored by this world-famous German institution. This mark of preference came to Mr. Weiss in recognition of his efforts to further the industrial relations that have extended over more than a decade between the directors and scientific and chemical staffs of German and American Pharmaceutical firms that are prominent in international industrial affairs.

With the formation several months ago of Drug Incorporated, through the merger of Sterling Products (Incorporated) and the United Drug Company, Mr. Weiss was made Vice-president and general manager of the new corporation, the largest concern in the drug field in the world.

For more than a quarter century Mr. Weiss has been a leading figure in the drug trade in this country, and for the last ten years of this period has been in close touch with the European and world trade through his contact with the large German interests commonly known as the "I. G. Cartel."

During the past few years Mr. Weiss has been a frequent visitor to Europe and is a recognized link in strengthening commercial friendship between the old and new continents, a truth emphasized by the action at Cologne.

WHILE the country is stirred with problems of an important presidential election and predictions, both grave and optimistic, are heard on every hand, it is well to consider the security of our industries and the sterling men upon whom the manufacturing interests may depend.

Henry I. Harriman is an expert in New England's manufacturing and economic problems and at the head of many utility organizations. Newly elected president of the Chamber of Commerce, he came to his office with an equipment of experience and mental grasp that established immediate confidence. He is the chairman of the New England Power Company and of the Metropolitan Planning Board of Massachusetts. Indeed, since his graduation from Wesleyan University in 1895 he has taken an active part in manufacturing affairs. He has a complete understanding of all the varied undertakings of the Chamber, having served as its president in 1917 to 1919.

Unless one has come into a close contact with the different branches of service con-

nected with the Chamber of Commerce, he is amazed at the diversity and extent of its work and influence.

One of the principal efforts of the Chamber is along the line of simplification and distribution. A writer once said that there are forty-five thousand characters in the Chinese language and only twenty-six letters in the English alphabet, which means that their language had to be worked back to a simpli-



William E. Weiss, Vice-President, general manager of "Drug Incorporated"

fication and which gives an adequate example of the many ramifications of trade that must be brought down to a practical basis. This referred to the varieties of sizes in containers of fruit and other natural resources of the land—making a uniformity that was in justice to each producer.

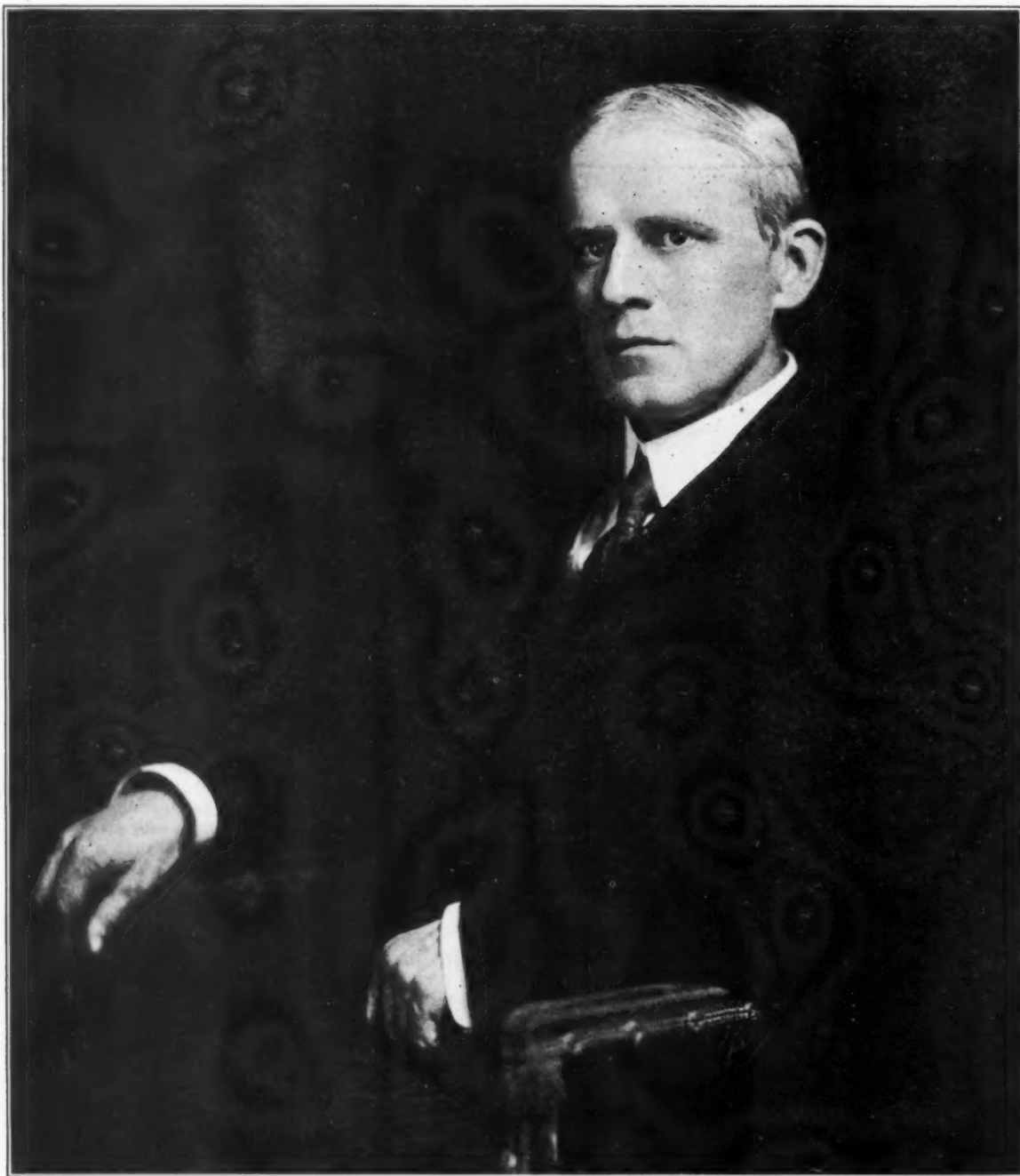
When the United States Chamber of Commerce came into existence, the business men of the country were unorganized. Public-spirited men drew into conference and in the short space of three years related the various producers to each other. The National Chamber of Commerce operatives before the law makers and the headquarters at Washington is a representative of fourteen hundred commercial and industrial organizations, with a combined membership of over seven hundred thousand men, firms and corporations. The fine record of accomplishment stands as a proof of the necessity of the organization. The heads of all departments are trained men who have had actual experience and who have made a study of such departments as finance, foreign economics, natural resources, production, transportation and communication. Every city has its Chamber of Commerce, and in the small towns where organizations exist which operate in the same way, the business men are often surprised to find that they constitute a part of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

The new president of this important organization was born in Brooklyn in 1872. Taking the degree of L.L. D. at the Wesleyan University (which, by the way, he has recently endowed by subscription and gift of a dormitory), he next graduated from the New

Dennett, director of the Griffin Wheel Company; H. A. Johnson, president of his own company of that name; and Louis E. Kirstein of the Filene Company. M. D. Liming is secretary.

When Henry I. Harriman gave his message

The closing lines of the message read almost like a credo: "I believe in the Boston Chamber of Commerce because I believe that such an organization is needed to help stir up and guide the attention and direction of those who are working to make metropolitan Boston



*Henry I. Harriman, President of the Chamber of Commerce*

York Law School. His business career began with the American Loom Company and later he was manager of the Stafford Company. He has served as president for many civic industrial organizations such as the Bellows Falls Canal Company and the Gardner Electric Light.

The vice-presidents of the Boston Chamber of Commerce are Robert D. Brewer of the Provident Institution for Savings, Carl P.

to this body of trained men he said: "I am convinced that the problems which face New England are no more difficult than the problems which face other sections of the world. The United States has the greatest resources of any country in the world; has the best educated people in the world; the best average brain power in the world. Ours is a country of great wealth, prestige and progress. I am an optimist of New England."

a still greater civic and business center."

There are nine thousand manufacturing plants in Massachusetts and more than half of them are within fifteen miles of Boston, which fact in itself claims no small attention from men interested and trained in commercial and maritime interests and all the activities connected with transportation and distribution. Now the question is to keep them busy for a bigger and better Boston.



# A Homeland in the Pinewoods by the Sea

*Remarkable story of "Pinewald," the new year 'round homeland two hours from New York—A vision accomplished—How B. W. Sangor has made his dream of an ideal home community with plenty of outdoors a reality—A visit to Cedar Crest on wooded slopes overlooking historic Barnegat Bay*

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

**S**PEED—more speed—has been the call of the times! Since the World War the insistent cry of "faster, faster" has been heard in all lands. The very tempo of music has increased with radio. Time allotted for luncheons has decreased in the ratio with accelerated records of airplanes, for did not Lindbergh make a flight to Europe on a single sandwich? The atmosphere of New York and all metropolitan centers is redolent with gas, jazz, electric buzzers, riveters, and a crescendo chorus of noises—nerve-wracking—from the early morning rattle of the milk cans and the clank of the ice tongs completing the cycle of twenty-four hours. Reflections and reactions of the blare of Broadway continue on as the clocks tick every hour of the passing day.

In New York the cross currents of the country meet. Every sovereign state and every nation representing every race and creed in the form of human being is passing in review with the clatter of traffic. The high-strung tangent of American life today is a high-powered voltage never known before in human existence. For myself I find that a fortnight in New York is about as long as I can last without a frayed nerve or two—and I am only one in a million. The point of satiation is rapidly approaching. The purely pleasure market is reaching the point of saturation. The vernacular of the times includes such electric expressions as "dynamic," "live wire," "high pressure,"—words used to indicate the new pace of modern life. Speed applied to christenings, weddings, funerals and time limits are measured with radio hours which have become veritable clocks in the march of time—with "announcers" to herald the passing hours.

All this leads to moments of serious meditation by some people. Where is it all leading to, and what is it all about? Even a "hurry-up" reflection on passing life suggests that a reaction is at hand. The pendulum must swing back. The nerves of America must be preserved—at least controlled and given a rest or there'll be an eternal rest for millions of humans who are hoping for the allotted span of life. Well has America learned the lessons of activity, hustle and bustle, work, efficiency, dispatch! These words are synonyms for American life, but how many are finding even in the prime of life that they have forgotten how to play and the inexorable necessities of recreation come to them with a crashing conviction. They may retire with ample means, but even then find themselves helpless in not knowing how to extract real enjoyment out of life. Over and over again the thought comes to them of leaving the city. They long for somewhere in this mundane sphere where they can see trees, and

come closer to Mother Earth, where they can hear the birds sing and feel the soothing breath and exhilarations that come from fresh air far afield, away from the nerve-wracking routine of these swift-moving days.

family can go out of the city week-ends and holidays and enjoy life at its real source—in touch with Mother Nature and enjoy a few care-free hours.

In the spirit of making a voyage of discov-



Mr. B. W. Sangor, the Founder and Owner of "Pinewald"

Family life in the city is so distracted that husband and wife, father and son, mother and daughter, and brothers and sisters see little of each other during the whirling hours. Each is off on a separate pathway in pursuit of business or pleasure, which leaves divided families living under the same roof. One hopeful aspect is the automobile in which the

every we made good our escape from New York through the Vehicular Tunnel. It seemed like a breaking out of prison. There was a wave of farewell to the rolling billows of gas as we left New York and found ourselves on Jersey's shore,—over the marshes, through the lowlands, battlegrounds of the erstwhile festive mosquito. From the heights of Jersey

City to Newark, the Rock of Gibraltar—typified in skyscrapers—hove in sight, and on over the line of march followed by the Continental army to Elizabeth, the city named for

in the home at Pinewald, with the radio and television, enjoying all the best that is going on in the metropolis amid the hours of relaxation. An airport field being planned will

value and usefulness to many of the broad acres surrounding metropolitan centers which have appeared on the tax-rolls as waste land.

Having spent a number of winters in Florida, it immediately arrested my attention. The thought came to mind: someone has implanted here the great community playground spirit in the Northland.

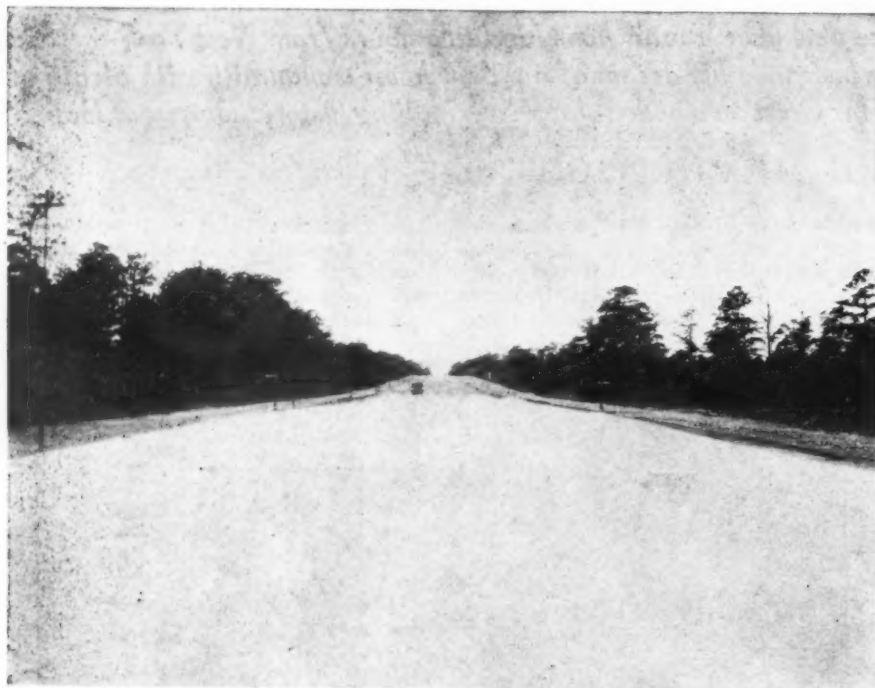
\* \* \*

Here begins the story of a real romance. Enter B. W. Sangor. In a few minutes the curtain was raised and a vision revealed. The roads, one hundred and five feet wide, built of yellow gravel, taken from pits nearby, rimmed with sidewalks of red gravel, presented a picture that would inspire vision in a cigar-store Indian.

Looking up the man whose name was attached to this impressive development, I found in B. W. Sangor a modest, medium-sized man who, while not inclined to talk much about himself, was pleased to have the passerby visit and view the overture of his vision of a newly created community city christened "Pinewald."

Some men you come to know quickly if you are attuned sympathetically to their ideas. Then you can scarcely remember the time when you did not know them. This was a quick case of "by their deeds ye shall know them."

Naturally my question was—Why? Then it came like a flash as a result of my quest on a voyage of discovery. Here was the strategic playground of twenty millions of people. Here I felt the balmy breath of the pine woods, the invigorating tang of salt air, the emulsified tonic of pine needles and sea breezes. Seventy-eight miles to the north was New York City, with its teeming millions; to the



*Before us was the Wide Stretch of Pinewald Boulevards*

an English queen, to Perth Amboy—which sounds like the name of a kindly friend.

The odor of oil suggested an exploded campaign issue as we whirled on amid scenes of teeming industrial activity. Then to Freehold, New Jersey, the historic center of activity in Revolutionary times, where George Washington established one of his thousand and one headquarters during the war for independence. Fifteen miles away to Lakehurst known long since as a winter resort and the home of John D. Rockefeller and the anchorage for the Zeppelin. Now we are beginning to sniff the healthful pines and glimpse the sandy soil of Jersey, for somehow you associate health with sandpiles, beaches with the sands of childhood. Over the cement Atlantic City highway the motor purred as we passed a phalanx of poultry farms which provide the eggs for breakfast in New York. At Tom's River, another city with a proper name, as we called 'em in grammar lessons, an old and celebrated fishing town also harks back to historic days. Just beyond we viewed new boulevards winding out from the highway with virgin forests of pine, hemlock and spruce on either side.

It seemed as if I was in Christmas land as I looked about and found the red, red berries of holly everywhere and the pine and spruce heralding the Yuletide. It suggested a Pinehurst right at the door of New York, for was it not the very sand and healthful air that has made North Carolina a shrine for recreation days?

Not far away was Lakehurst and overhead I saw the spectacle that thrilled—a Zeppelin floating along on the billowing, cumulous clouds that added the temperate zone's tonical touch to a tropical setting of gorgeous sunrises and sunsets. I could picture sitting

bring New York within even a half hour's commuting distance; when that time arrives suburbanites will flit to and from the city on the wings of aerial transportation,



*Along the Pine-fringed Shores at Pinewald*

express with airplanes, and a cozy, comfortable local flights in the leisurely Zeppelin. With all the marvels of modern times utilized in the outlying homes will be added a new

west, Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love; to the south fifty miles, Atlantic City, with its already world-renowned climatic attractiveness; to the east, historic Barnegat



Bay—a happy fishing ground protected by a haven forty miles long for the yachts and ships of the Jersey coast. Before me were two and a half miles of bay-front and a pavilion pier with an artesian well flowing, and a

wonders single-handed in a practical and ideal playground community. It was evident that Mr. Sangor was a man who knew how to express himself in achievement. The Georgian drawing room with its decorations, the fireplace, the radio, the paintings, all suggested the cozy comforts of a beautiful home. In his library, furnished in Persian style, were books that evidenced use as real companions in the hours of relaxation from the busy activities which all this work must necessarily have entailed. Dining in the Spanish room, we enjoyed a full measure of hospitality by a new-found friend. Now I began to understand how "the best things often come to one without planning," and comprehended the impulse that had led to this spot in my tour of discovery.

Over cigars before the fire, with a reminiscent glow in his face, Mr. Sangor responded to my inquiries. Out of this chat evolved the material of a biography, the sort that is so intensely interesting and inspiring to American youth in revealing how wide open are the doors of opportunity in our own lives. The immigrant boy landing in New York heard the call of Horace Greeley to "go West, young man," and he found himself in Milwaukee, working nights selling flowers and going to school daytimes. He secured his diploma from the North Division High School in 1907. Not content with this, he later attended the University of Wisconsin, working his way and supporting himself waiting on table, where he had an unusual opportunity of studying human nature and its wants and needs. He returned to Milwaukee and finished the law course at Marquette University. Hanging out his shingle, he did not have to wait for clients. They came fast, for he was successful. Five years of active law practice followed. At this time, after the death of his young wife, he became deeply interested in real estate. With this penchant he launched large developments in Chicago and Waukegan, Illinois. About this time he acquired the Clayton hotel, of which he was president. Here again he came in contact with people, and his alert mind was busy evolving plans to provide what he felt the people wanted and needed—homes. His success here was very marked, but this did not deter him from going on with the great vision of his life.

Even before the Florida boom was under way Mr. Sangor realized that there was a strong movement for re-creative home communities. The love of the open was becoming more accentuated and apparent as the city population increased the problems of congestion. He made a tour of Florida and witnessed the operations of the great winter

playground at the high tide. The conviction grew upon him as to the necessity of providing the American people with homes that could have the clear sky overhead and the soft tread of green sod beneath as surround-



*Pavilion, water front, Barnegat Bay*

*Central Boulevard*

*"Cedar Crest," B. W. Sangor's residence*

*"Lovers' Lane," Pinewald*

bathing beach in the making—the inlets serving as lagoons for a community of seaside homes unsurpassed on the Atlantic Coast.

Returning over the Serpentine Drive and turning in on Central Boulevard, we came to Crystal Lake, dredged and enlarged into an extensive lake fed by natural springs. Thence west an eighteen-hole golf course standing out in a glorious green like an oasis, and facing it tennis courts and a natural athletic field that would make the Stadium in New York look like tiny Gramercy Park.

Sweeping up the broad, dustless gravel boulevard, I came upon the beautiful home of B. W. Sangor. Entering a Spanish courtyard with flagstone walk, I lifted the old knocker as I viewed the facade of a Spanish home that reminded me of my recent tours in *España*. An Airedale gave us a cordial doggyish welcome. Inside this house, nestling in the pines overlooking the picturesque cedars facing toward glorious sunsets, I was greeted by B. W. Sangor. I had not seen his name heralded in public print nor noticed any flaring advertising, and yet before me stood a man who had accomplished



*Administration Building*

*Typical Pinewald Boulevard*

*Scenes on Barnegat Bay*

*Streets 105 feet wide, in anticipation of future needs of the future city*



*A vista along the shores*

ings. Increased interest in out-of-doors indicated in the growing sports pages of newspapers showed that people must have some pastimes and open air opportunities for enjoying themselves in the environment of their recreational retreats. The influence of this general movement for recreative opportunities prompted Mr. Sangor who had already become one of the most successful real estate operators in the country that he must find the right place and the right climate strategically located, that would serve the twenty million people in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington—some place of easy access. He searched and investigated almost every available tract within one hundred miles of New York City, feeling that the home retreat should not be too far distant from the business activities of the metropolis.

As if fate directed his compass, some magnetic attraction pointed toward historic Barnegat Bay. Looking over a

large area of land penetrated by the Atlantic City highway from New York, he pushed on out into the pines and knolls and creeks and said to himself, "Here will be built the community of my dreams." It entailed two hundred and fifty purchases to complete a tract of ten thousand acres, with several miles of sea front on Barnegat Bay. Into the forests he began building roads and established an administration building, community center and railway station. There was only one name that seemed to him appropriate, that was Pinewald, meaning "woods of the pines." As we drove about in the sunshine of that day when chill December winds were due and felt the soft, balmy breezes, the same sort that had fascinated the visitors to Florida, we had to pinch ourselves to realize that we were only two and a half hours from Broadway, in the same salubrious strata of climate tempered by the Gulf Stream that has made Atlantic City famous.

In five years he has transformed this almost waste area of fair New Jersey—that had been abandoned by the early settlers because of lack of transportation and the sandy soil—to blossom into a veritable haven for homes surrounded with all the opportunities for enjoying first, the healthful atmosphere of the pine woods, the tempered climate, and the opportunity to live in the open twelve months in the year, for the test has been made of coming out of the biting, chill blasts of New York in a snow storm and finding balmy breezes and sunshine a hundred and fifty minutes from Broadway. It seemed to answer the eternal query in every American's mind, "What is the objective in life?" The answer invariably is—a home located in the spot where there is an opportunity to develop and build and create which will make the happiness of younger days more enduring as the years creep on apace. The game preserve and bird sanctuary, a fifteen-hundred-acre tract set aside for wild life and hunting, the mirrored reflection of Crystal Lake and Cedar Creek winding its way on to the ocean, were all appealing glimpses of landscape beauty.

Under the direction of this modest genius, a large construction crew has been constantly at work, building roads, operating the mam-

moth gravel pits, and firing the imagination of engineers to create a community which was in the making for an ideal new type—residential, recreational "city-of-the-sea-and-pines"—just the sort of a home town pictured in the



*Primeval pines left in the center of broad boulevards*

minds of the average well-to-do, prosperous and aggressive American, determined to make the most of his life. A mere list of the recreational opportunities offered is a catalogue of the myriad advantages offered in this coast community, where artisans, engineers, surveyors, gardeners and foresters with constructive machinery are building rather than painting a picture, where at least twenty-five different sports are being developed, and with a country club organization operating an ideal golf course.

With myself, many other people made this

voyage of discovery to Pinewald, which may mark the turning point of many to go on living their lives amid congenial surroundings. Instead of being thousands of miles away, it lies almost at the front door of the millions of denizens living in the city who can take advantage of having a little area of God's open and sunshine for their very own. In the restful, quiet beauty, far from the din and clang of the city, is mile on mile of bridle paths and wooded trails, to say nothing of waterways that lure the recreationist by land or by sea. At the suggestion of my new-found friend and host, I remained over Sunday and witnessed the enthusiasm of hundreds of people on visiting the property and envisioning homes even on some boulevards still in embryo—for vision is ever with the American. In the community house they gathered to hear the situation discussed face to face and eye to eye, in much the same personal way in which California, Florida, and all the great realty operations of the country have been developed. Indeed a voyage of discovery resulted in visiting the largest and the most impressive community city development in the country, which has already fired the imagination and the investment of a large number of prospective home-builders.

Now that the basic constructive work is completed and well under way, the next chapter will be the building of homes in addition to the fifty already built—including Cedar Crest, the home of Mr. Sangor, which cost, with its grounds and building expense, landscaped gardens and a handsome villa, less than fifty thousand dollars. After all the founder not only desired to demonstrate what could be done by others, but has been able to fulfill his life dream of a real home. His apartments in New York at the Hotel Astor look up and down brilliantly illuminated Broadway, the center of the seething millions participating in the gaieties of night life and the activities of day life in the metropolis. From this electric nerve center of cosmopolitan life, Mr. Sangor enjoys the sharp contrast that enhances most emphatically the joys and delights of his own beloved Pinewald.

Here his real home is located, where dark and cloudy days are made endurable and sunny days enduring.

## Christmas Memories of the Holy Land

*Continued from page 108*

return to their ancestral home. The desire to live amid the scenes loved by their fathers and to be buried in the midst of their long dead brethren in the tombs of their forebears is gaining ground rapidly.

\* \* \*

A man who has done much for Palestine is Nathan Strauss, the great American philanthropist. Fifteen years ago he made his first visit to the land of his ancestors. It took him months to cover the territory I covered in forty-eight hours. Trips I made in a few hours required three days' traveling for him in a mire-covered buggy.

\* \* \*

The work of this great American altruist evoked the enthusiasm of the late Lord Northcliffe in a hearty support of the Zionist movement. The late journalist declared afterwards that the one place that had enthralled him of all he had visited in his trip around the world was Palestine

and Trans-Jordania. Day after day he rode in an automobile over the arid deserts. His chauffeur, who drove the machine in which I rode, told me the late Lord Northcliffe immersed himself in the waters of the Jordan, as if in preparation for the voyage to the Great Beyond, which he felt he was soon to make.

\* \* \*

"We don't want to drive the Arabs out," said a prominent Zionist whom I met at Tel-a-Viv. "That would be as unjust as in the earlier days in the South in the United States, when an attempt was made to discriminate against the negro. They are indigenous to the soil and to the country. They own much of the land and there is a feeling that under the new order of things the Semitic races will be able to amalgamate, as far as living in peace and harmony and with a common interest, is concerned. We have already suc-

ceeded in re-establishing the use of the original Hebrew language."

All signs are printed in Arabic, Hebrew and English. The later Day Hebrew pioneers have come from all over the world to assist in the rebuilding of the homeland. They are digging ditches, working on the roads and in the fields, clearing and draining the swamps, constructing and planting and harvesting. A large number of these people are young college men, and there are some women, too, among them, who have never before engaged in manual labor. The struggles these colonists are waging against a long neglected soil, against the ravages of disease, and the inroads of marauders, is really heroic. But great as are the difficulties, greater and more inspiring is the reward—a united people, a living tongue, and a glorious land—a just heritage of faith in the living God!

Tomorrow I was to look upon Jerusalem, The Golden.



## BOOK REVIEWS

IN "Panama, the Canal, the Country, and the People," Mr. Arthur Bullard has written a most interesting, fascinating and exhaustive story. His descriptive powers are great of the country and its inhabitants, and it would seem that many missionaries could find work there as well as in the Fiji Islands.

The book begins with descriptions of the several islands he visited on his way to Panama, governed by Denmark, England, and France. His account of some incidents connected with those islands are most interesting, and one wonders if many young men might not be inspired to adventure there for a fortune.

Mr. Bullard has an admiration for Colonel Goethals' wonderful abilities, as shown in his administration, as well as his engineering work on the wonderful building of the Canal.

The book contains much vivid description and one cannot fail to admire the "brains and brawn," courage and patience of the men who have made Panama what it is today, with a tender appreciative remembrance of Theodore Roosevelt, who as President acted when action was necessary. I. W.

A HAPPY choice was made by L. C. Page & Company when they called upon Nathan Haskell Dole, author of "The Spell of Switzerland" and "Omar the Tentmaker" and Irwin Leslie Gordon, author of "What Allah Wills" to write the sixteenth book of the "See America First Series." To say that "Maine" is interesting is putting it mildly. It is full of worthwhile information crowded in among old Indian Legends which should be preserved for their imaginative appeal if for nothing else. It tells the history of the State, describes Maine's wilderness and cities with an irresistible sense of humor which is tinged with the pathos of Indian massacres, sea tragedies, and the deaths of so-called witches.

Maine has a distinct appeal to the sportsman. Its intelligent hunting laws, and insistence upon good sportsmanship have kept its great woods full of a wide variety of game for the hunter, fisherman or trapper. In the last ten-day open season on moose, one hundred and fifty of these American monarchs of the forest were bagged. Although most of the caribou have fled across the border into Canada, there are still a few left in Maine. Black bear, deer, small game and a wide variety of gamebirds still abound in large quantities and furnish thousands of hunters sport and thrills. Maine's many rivers and lakes make it a paradise for the many fishermen who invade its waters every year.

The book describes Maine's scenic beauty

and rugged coastline with an irresistible appeal to vacationists. It is a very commendable literary achievement, and a beautiful example of book-making. It has two maps and fifty plates, of which two are in color beautifully printed and bound. A worthy account of the charms of one of the most famous States in the Union. R. F. C.

### Burning Sands

BY REGINALD CLOSSOP

THERE is a book from Europe that promises an interesting evening to those who like highly imaginative and colorful episodes. The author carries the heroine (a promising young artist) and an artist friend, from a perfectly normal life in England, to the far coast of Africa, in search of new material for their sketch books, and adventure. Somewhere in Africa they became tangled up in a terrible battle between the uprising natives and the white troops. The troops were defeated but the girls were rescued from an awful death by a mystery man whose charm and personality soon won the heart of Elaine.

It is here that the book deviates from the more or less realistic to the mystical and the unreal. Elaine's new-found lover proves to be the king of a sleeping city which awaited the touch of one who had the power to enter it and waken it. Adanus was the only man who had that power. After several days in which many interesting events occurred, Adanus found the lost city and later returned with his friends to bring it back to life. It was truly a wonderful city which had lain silent for centuries, with all its inhabitants immovable as stone, some standing, some sitting, and some of them in postures which indicated that they were in the act of running or walking when the great city was cast under the spell. The buildings were full of superb objects of art, and its science was far in advance of that of the outside world. The city was awakened and resumed life where it had left off.

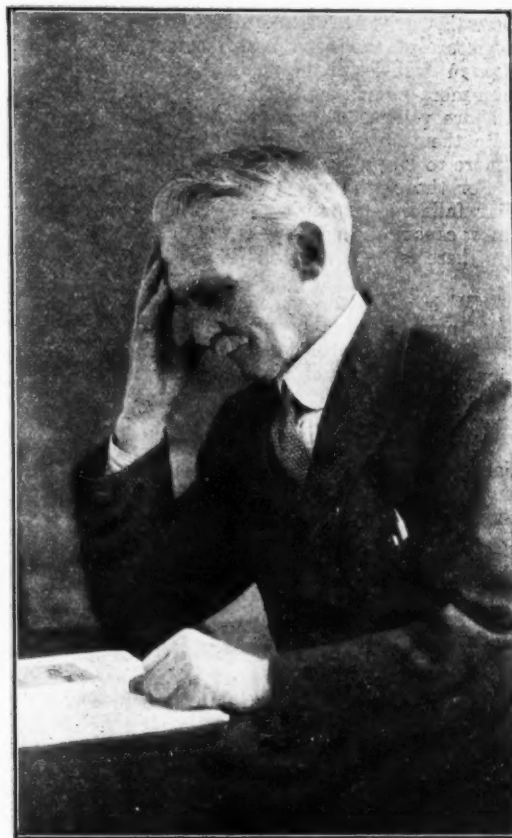
Burning Sands is without doubt a masterpiece of its kind. The author has drawn freely from a most remarkable imagination and has produced an extremely interesting story for those who like to have their imaginations stirred by mysterious happenings.

The jacket illustration of the book was drawn by the Artist-Publisher, E. M. Channing-Renton of Paris, Publisher of *Home and Abroad* magazine.

R. F. C.

AMONG internationally known scientific workers in the field of crime today, Boris Brasol's name carries a special significance.

Former prosecuting attorney of the Supreme Court in old Russia, he is the author of "The Methods of Criminal Investigation," "The Balance Sheet of Sovietism,"



Thomas Soady Matthews, author of "Channing—A Study"

"The World at the Crossroads," and "Socialism versus Civilization," all of which have won highest praise as among the most authoritative works in the field.

Now Mr. Brasol issues a new book, through the Oxford University Press, under the title "The Elements of Crime." Introduced by no less authorities than Professor John Wigmore and Dr. W. A. White, its four hundred odd pages packed with vital information, one has no hesitancy in pronouncing it a most comprehensive work and the final word in the study of the sociology and psychology of crime.

It is a book that should go to the lawyer and the judge as well as the sociological worker in the field of crime. Of its sound-

ness there can be no question, and as for comprehensiveness, the book speaks for itself. The student of crime will find it invaluable; the lay reader cannot but be interested in Mr. Brasol's simple and graphic presentation, and close the book with a far better understanding than ever before of the problems, which, while so vital to present day society, have long remained shrouded in ignorance and misunderstanding. In this thorough book, no aspect of the modern day situation escape the author's scrutiny and analysis. If editors would read the book, there would be less misrepresentation and less ignorant parading of lurid details as incentives to further crime. Mr. Brasol presents startling evidence of the actual harm done by the "tabloid wave."

In more strictly scientific chapters, the author goes deep into psychiatric abnormalities, with a thoroughness that produces a veritable dictionary for the investigator. The non-student is given a picture of the inescapable elements of human frailties that cannot but leave him more charitable to those who, after all, are victims of disease, who cannot help themselves if they would, and are "more to be pitied than scorned."

For those who would escape the popular fallacies pertaining to crime, and know causes and effects as they actually are, here is an invaluable book.

**L**IFE is a great adventure, and never more so than in these post-war days.

The established rules of social and religious thought and action, handed down to us, have been subjected to violent criticism and have been declared old-fashioned.

A new conception of progress, urged on by daring enthusiasm, is taking firm hold of the human imagination, and many are now anxiously enquiring whether this activity is being influenced by noble aims.

However, there seems to be an unusual interest today in religion, and it is opportune, at this juncture, that "Studies" Publications (*Home and Abroad*), 17-19 Rue Venture, Marseilles, France, have announced publication of "Channing—A Study," being, of course, a study of that great reformer—Dr. William Ellery Channing.

Mr. Thomas S. Matthews, the author, traces the early influence and training of that great American Unitarian and thinker; his self-discipline, ministry, and elevation of the laboring classes (as a champion of truth, justice and liberty); his ill-health and travel; his home life and last days. The actual chapter headings are: (1) Early Influences and Training; (2) Self-discipline; (3) Ministry; (4) Ill-health and Travel; (5) Social Reform and Elevation of Character; (6) Champion of Truth, Justice and Liberty; (7) Home Life; (8) Last Days; (9) World-wide Influence of His Life and Work; (10) Press Articles and Poetical References.

Channing, even during his first ministerial days, saw clearly that the Christian principles were adapted to the *whole* field of human life, in all conditions, in all places, and for all times. He therefore spoke with the force and certainty of a prophet, and his writings have a special power to meet the spiritual needs of every age. He was the soul of reaction, and broke down barriers, not for the pleasure of breaking them, but for the sheer

joy of giving freedom. He looked upon liberty of thought and freedom of speech as his birthright.

Channing was a born optimist. Every day was to him a new beginning, and each morning he thanked God for renewed friendships and the joy of living. "Life," he said, "was an improving gift," and he used it for the highest and noblest purposes. Take some of his cheery messages with you each day and



Dr. William Ellery Channing, famous Unitarian preacher and leading thinker, subject of the new book "Channing—A Study"

the common difficulties of life will be merely a few rough spots you pass on a delightful journey. He lived so far above the fogs and mists of the world that he carried within himself much of the radiance and glory of the skies. Above all, he championed the cause of the depressed, the unfortunate, and the wronged. It was the charter of his life. "I see nothing," he says, "worth living for but the divine virtue which endures and surmounts all things for truth, for duty, and mankind." The writings of such a man are not only refreshing and inspiring to read, but a great moral and spiritual impulse, which makes life sublime.

The book contains a portrait frontispiece of Dr. Channing and a jacket portrait of the author, Thomas S. Matthews. An appendix contains some details of commemoration meetings, public articles and notices, and the price of the volume is \$1.25, post-free. Chaple Publishing Company, Boston.

**T**HIS is an age of good books. Good authors abound and their contributions to literature are excellent. Out of the many fine novels published this year and to be published in the next, there is one that will stand head and shoulders above the rest. That book is "Time is a Gentleman" by Charles Goff Thompson. Personal experience, coupled with an ability to create vivid word pictures, has enabled him to produce a remarkable

book which should enjoy a wide distribution among those who enjoy a clean, inspiring and thrilling story.

The characters reek with mystery. Tai Fu, an elderly Chinaman of high standing in his native land, masquerades as a cook and servant to serve with the utmost loyalty the son of a man who had saved his life. The mysterious Lundu—Apollo, thief and celibate, proves that he can also be a loyal friend and true. Mercado, the Malay of many affairs, shows an undivided loyalty to his master. Sotto, old-time ruler of the island, hated and feared by the natives, is the man who was responsible for the tragic death of Duell's father. MacKensie Duell, the orphan who spent a lonely childhood and young manhood studying preparatory to fulfilling his dreams of rehabilitating the ruins of his father's old estate on a lonely tropic isle in the Pacific. He transforms a tangled tropical growth to neat rows of sugar cane. He changes a lonely waste to a place productive of a useful commodity of service to the world. When this is accomplished, Feliza, daughter of a rugged old sea captain, fills the only remaining need of the lonely man, whose life had been heretofore devoid of anything resembling true love and devotion.

The book is excellent reading. Its spell remains with the reader long after its covers have been closed. Published by the MacMillan Company. Price, \$2.00.

**I**N his story of Lady Godiva and the Future of Nakedness, John Langdon Davies has made some statements that will probably be received with gasps of horror by a large percentage of its readers. Many of his accusations of hypocrisy displayed by people in general may be true. There is no doubt but what there are many of us who are too sensitive to what goes on about us, and are inclined to condemn before really understanding why or what we condemn.

Davies advocates the removal of what clothing remains on even the present-day women. Davies claims that we would be more healthy if we were to cast off all clothing. Imagine—casting all modesty aside—walking around the streets of Boston, New York, London, or any city of similar climate, with snow falling on bare skin, wading through pools of ice-water, and not dying of pneumonia the next day.

Why should women, or men either, be deprived of the joy of buying new clothes? Think of the disappointed girls and women who wouldn't have new fur coats to wear to the football games. Davies may be a good theorist, but he is awfully impractical.

Although I doubt that many readers of the book will agree with Davies, I feel reasonably sure that they will find the book interesting. It is published by Harper & Brothers. Price, \$2.00.

John Langdon Davies is also the author of "A Short History of Women" and "New Age of Faith."

**H**AVING just passed through a Presidential campaign that, for public interest and the number of votes cast, has never been equalled in the history of this country, the average citizen may well sit back and wonder at the tremendous machinery behind the

Continued on page 137



# Tickleweed and Feathers

During a button day in Melbourne one of the pretty and youthful girls sellers approached a sourlooking gentleman who sat at the wheel of a luxurious car.

"Will you buy a button for the hospital, please?" she asked.

"No, thanks," came the reply. "I contribute regularly to the hospital."

"Ah," put in the girl, sweetly, "but we're collecting money today, not pedestrians."

The vicar's wife was very enthusiastic and appreciative about the new curate and when she happened to call on an old lady parishioner she turned the conversation in his direction.

"You know," she observed, "he is capable in so many ways, but what I like most about him is the fact that he's a real altruist."

"Indeed, I am surprised to hear you say that," replied the old parishioner, "for I heard him singing last Sunday and I could declare he was a tenor."

And Let It Go at That—Mrs. Brown (tearfully)—I'm so sorry, dear. I meant this to be a cottage pudding but it wouldn't rise.

Young Hubby—That's all right, sweetest. Let's just call it a flat pudding.

—*Progressive Grocer.*

Automobile Salesman—Try sitting in this limousine, madam. It is the most wonderful car in the world, and when you sit down you will disappear completely in its upholstery.

Mme. Nouveau Riche—I wouldn't think of buying such a car. You don't suppose I would pay out money not to be seen in an automobile, do you?

Buttons (arousing the guests)—Get up! Get up! The hotel's afire!

Thrifty Scot—Right, laddie, but if I do, mind ye, I'll not pay for the bed.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Bathing Not Prohibited—"Is this the weather bureau?"

"Yes, sir."

"How about a shower tonight?"

"It's all right with me. Take it if you need it."

Yawn Provoker—"I wish," said the club bore, "that one of you chaps would give me a cure for insomnia."

"Have you ever, remarked one of his victims, "tried talking to yourself?"

—*Bystander (London).*

A certain pompous preacher's theme was the parable of the tares among the wheat, and he dwelt on the intermixture of good and evil in the church. "This may seem strange to us," he said.

But we must not forget that there was a Ham in the Ark." Then, evidently thinking that this might sound rather odd and be open to misconstruction, he corrected himself and added, "I mean, of course, a human Ham." —EZRA, in the *Methodist Recorder*.

## A Long Throw

Englishman: "There is no country like England; it is sublime."

Frenchman: "But remember that from the sublime to the ridiculous is only a stone's throw."

Englishman: "Yes, you can see that at the Straits of Dover." —*Buen Humor (Madrid).*

"Not very amusing, is he?"

"No, he couldn't even entertain a doubt."

A farmer's boy brought a cowhide to the village produce dealer and asked what the price was for hides.

"Is it a green hide?" asked the dealer.

"Naw," replied the boy disgustedly, "they ain't no green cows. The one this skin came off was a brindle."

As a Matter of Fact—Girl (who has been rhapsodizing for half an hour on the spring)—Oh, these lovely oaks; what would they say if they could talk?

Companion—They would probably say "Pardon, madam, but we are beeches."

—*Foreign Journal.*

"Arabs dearly love what we call poetic justice," said Lowell Thomas, the writer-lecturer. "They tell the story of an Arab who stole a horse and sent his son to market to sell it. On the way to market the son was himself robbed of the horse and forced to return to his father empty-handed.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man when his son walked back into camp. "I see thou has sold the horse. How much did it bring?"

"Father," said the son disconsolately, "it brought the same price for which thou thyself didst buy it."

An apple a day  
Keeps the doctor away,

An onion a day  
Keeps the world at bay.

—*Florida Times-Union.*

"He claims his wife was intractable, your lordship, so he beat her into subjection with a golf club."

"In how many strokes?" asked the judge.—*Tid-Bits.*

Honorable Wounds—Barber: Haven't I shaved you before, sir?

Customer: No—I got those scars in France.—*Judge.*

Prospective Guest: Is this a quiet room?

Landlady: Sure, an' it's that quiet ye can hear thim blasting fer any apartment-house next door.—*Life.*

Fine and Fit—There was a fierce riot and gun fight in a western town. After three days of it, the mayor wired for help to a well-known reformed "bad man" who was now sheriff in a neighboring town. The sheriff wired back that the required help was coming.

That afternoon the mayor went up to the station to meet—as he hoped a large posse headed by the redoubtable warrior. But to his dismay only one man dismounted from the train—the sheriff himself.

"This will never do," fussed the mayor nervously. "You must have misunderstood my message, sheriff. Here you are alone. I thought you'd bring a number of men with you."

The sheriff looked at him contemptuously.

"What'd I want a number of men for?" he queried. "There ain't more than one riot, is there?"

Putting His Foot in It—The young married couple were having a disagreement while awaiting lunch at a modest Soho eating-house. The woman was grumbling because they were unable to afford the luxurious restaurants which had been a feature of their honeymoon.

"You can't have a brass band everywhere you go," said the man crossly.

"Oh yes, I can," snapped his wife. "I've got it with me now—on my finger." —*Pearson's Weekly.*

Fussy Old Dear (to the operator of a one-man street car)—"Are you sure this car is going to Uphams Corner?"

Motorman (wearily)—"Well, if it ain't, lady, I'm in a worse mess than wot you are."

# First and Last of the Great Game Preserves

*Winter hunting party entertained by Howard Coffin on the famous Sea Island preserves along the coastal country of Georgia—How editors, publishers, publicity men and the great news gatherers of the world disport themselves in the primeval wilds*

A WIDE variety of game and fish along the historic coastal country of Georgia are rejoicing these days. An armistice has been declared by members of the Howard E. Coffin party, who fired the last guns at sunset putting them away with magic of memories that will be responsible for many a future "twice-told tale".

Fishing tackle was tucked away together with a record repeating the old, old story of hunting and fishing, harking back through the centuries to the days of the Spanish, French and English explorers of this region.

The Coffin guests enjoyed a succession of outdoor thrills with wild game in the Sea Island Camp; where hunting and fishing records that rival those chronicles of the Dons, French Grandees and English Cavaliers are now available.

Ray Long, Editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, shooting gay plumaged pheasants, other than the fusilade—ahead and overhead—until the birds fairly rained down on him.

Roy Howard, of Scripps-Howard Newspapers, was quick on the trigger with gun and tongue, gaily garbed in red hat, firing like a 75-centimeter on the West Front.

M. H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company, "broadcast" the nasal call of the wild turkey and lured the gobblers from their high roost before the dawn's early light.

Ben Ames Williams straightened out the plot of his new novel with a succession of "sure shots", while Charles Graves of the *New York Times* seconded the motion with another blast for more venison.

Kent Cooper, General Manager of the Associated Press, in the shadows near the old Couper Plantation in full regalia, hit the line hard and brought down a "game" story that would make the front page every time.

Thomas R. Shipp of Washington, with his Father's trusty old gun, shot more pheasants than he could see down the barrel of his rifle.

Jack N. Wheeler, of the Bell Syndicate, brought in a wide variety of water fowl or furred game that would make a "Sportsman's Show" complete.

Major Jack Hession, Champion rifle shot of the world, picked off the "birds" and "deer" that the others missed.

George LeBoutillier, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, fired so fast and furious that his "game" shoulder was bruised and bleeding.

James R. Bush, Vice-President of the Equitable Trust Company and New York banker, "got his deer" with a winsome smile.

Lee Olwell, Vice-President of the National City Bank of New York, insisted that he never worked a gun faster in a County Fair shooting gallery.

Eltinge F. Warner, publisher of *Field and Stream*, wrote his story punctuated with many "hits".

At the home of Mine Host and Mrs. Howard E. Coffin on the Sepaloe plantation, a feast was served of wild peacock and other game with old-time baronial hospitality, in the historic old Sixteenth Century house which he has restored.

Amid the stunning silence of the



*Hunting and Fishing Party leave for St. Simon's Island, Georgia, as guests of Howard E. Coffin, President, Sea Island Company*

John Oliver LaGorce, of the *National Geographic Magazine*, fisherman in the seven seas and four quarters of the globe, had his Izaak Walton thrills even in the brief quietude between bites.

Fred Fletcher, "rod and gun" man of the *New York Herald*, brought forth all sorts of modern fishing tackle to use on the intelligent sea trout and channel bass of the Twentieth Century.

E. Lynn, of the N. E. A. of Cleveland, wrote his feature stories line on line as he cast for piscatorial prizes.

Jack Pulley, of Wall Street, New York, expert on "in-door and out-door sport", proved a sure shot and secured the first deer.

General J. C. Allen, Society Editor of the *New York Sun*, was "among those present" and his shooting and fishing of wild game was carried out without a "social error", and without a gun.

primeval, natural beauty of the Sea Island Preserve, the party bagged the rare wild turkey in its native habitat, after an exhilarating day-break hunt going far into the woods, where the foot of man had not trod in the past century.

Robert H. Davis, distinguished columnist of the *New York Sun*, fished and hunted with superb skill, but his real triumph was the wild turkey barbecue and his "Kohinoor Sauce"—a gem of the Epicurean Art.

As a pastime, there was a squirrel hunt to provide amusement for Joe Mitchell Chapple, the only confessed amateur of the lot, who spent most of his time hunting historic data and delivering an oration under the historic oak where John Wesley preached.

In the marshes the black duck splashed in the water under the heavy sharpshooter fire, while the cry of bobcat and the wails of a bear cub caged there in the pen made

*Continued on page 138*



## TREMENDOUS! AMAZING! OVERWHELMING!

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on the new religious novel*

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By **FREDERIC ZEIGEN**

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It is *tremendous* because it dares  
to tell conditions in the Church—  
even at the expense of Church life.

It is *amazing* because it dares  
to make a hero of the Preacher and  
shows that it requires a he-man  
nowadays to fight for a clean com-  
munity.

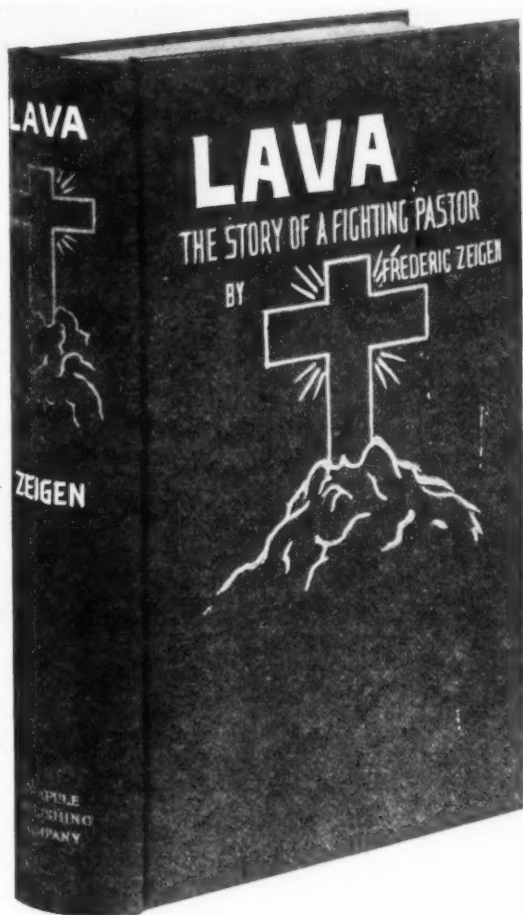
It is *overwhelming* because it  
dares to expose hypocrisy on the  
Official Boards and has a right-  
hand wallop in every active chap-  
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Highlanders, that has stirred his great heart interest. In his endowing scholarships at Smith College, Stevens Institute of Technology, American International College and the Flora MacDonald College, of which he is a director, presenting medals at Scottish events, and for feats of valor among members of the police and fire departments in cities of the United States and in Argentine and Ireland,—to say nothing of founding memorial beds in hospitals,—all seem just part of the day's routine in the life of Walter Scott.

He was much interested in Lindbergh's epochal flight, for it was his close and intimate friend, Raymond Orteig, who gave the cash prize of \$25,000 that lured the Lochinvar out of the West from San Diego to pioneer the sky lanes of the Atlantic like a lone eagle over the angry seas, emulating the Ancient Mariner in bringing to the world a message of good will that thrilled the hearts of humans everywhere. When the check was presented by Mr. Orteig, Walter Scott was given the honor as a trustee of the fund of presenting the trustees' medal to the tall, angular, bright-eyed chevalier of the skies. Even this was only one of the succession of incidents of constructive and inspiring encouragement on which Walter Scott has passed, day by day, through the golden years that marked a golden jubilee, which illuminated a threshold of even greater achievements. In his own quiet way, this high-minded, noble American citizen has helped fulfill the dream of his favorite poet, Robert Burns, whose lines he often repeats:

Man to man the world o'er shall brothers be  
For a' that and a' that.

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Continued from page 134*

scenes, the big business of modern politics and the men who organize and control the mechanism of it all.

\* \* \*

Tales of rare interest and intrigue come to us in the book "Spies," by Joseph Gollomb. From the more recent World War to early history when spies first came into use, "Spies" contains an interesting account of the more prominent of these necessary evils of war-time. Spies who worked solely for money and fame. Spies who "regret that they have only one life to give for their country." Spies whose cleverness and daring have left their marks in the annals of history; spies who were famous, and spies who were infamous—but all of them clever.

The book is a history of spies and spying, giving vivid examples of daring and heroism, trickiness and intrigue, each exemplifying the marvelous nerve and presence of mind displayed by these glorified messengers of war.

Joseph Gollomb is also the author of "The Portrait Invisible." "Spies" is published by the MacMillan Company. Price, \$2.50.

—R. F. C.

## The CHAPPLE SERVICE

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## How Carpenter Makes Personality Count

*Continued from page 111*

times we are successful; sometimes we fail; sometimes our success carries with it a profit and sometimes a loss.

"Our business is not for sale at any price. I have on three occasions been offered a cash price for my holdings alone which were far more than even one as prejudiced as myself believed those shares to be worth. We have also been offered a fabulous price for 100% of our stock, but we neither need nor want money. What we all desire is happiness and we believe that happiness can be best acquired by rendering service. That is what we are trying to do when we look upon service first.

"If service results in profits, all well and good, but we don't want profits without service."

## Walter Scott's Golden Jubilee

*Continued from page 123*

A luncheon held at Hotel Meurice brought together old time friends from all parts of the country. Former Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright was chairman and paid tribute to Walter Scott, one of his most honored friends and erstwhile deputy police commissioner. Among the guests were old and seasoned friends from two continents—

Sir Thomas Lipton, General Robert Lee Bullard, division commander of the A. E. F.; former Mayor John F. Hylan, former Controller Herman A. Metz of the City of New York. Among others present were Richard Vitolo of Russia, Dr. Robert Good, Joe Mitchell Chapple, Raymond Orteig, R. A. C. Smith, General Peter E. Traub, B. J. Greenhut, William H. Todd, Dr. Miller and R. H. Cole. Never have I heard more eloquent tributes paid heart to heart and eye to eye than were expressed on this occasion when he was presented with a gold-headed malacca cane. Every guest seemed to be associated with some distinct and separate activity to which Colonel Scott had given generously.

These are the scenes that, for me, stand out pre-eminent in the life of Walter Scott. He has been honored with the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by France, the Silver Grand Cross by Austria, and the Order of Leopold by the King of the Belgians for services during and after the World War. But it is his work for the crippled children and as one of the founders of the Broad Street Hospital in New York, leader in the Order of Scottish Clans and honorary member of its Ladies Auxiliaries, "Big Brother" of the Daughters of Scotia, one of the managers of the Saint Andrew's Society of the State of New York, and, in fact, an active member in innumerable Scottish Societies both at home and abroad, member of the Advisory Board of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and Colonel in the New York Scottish

## First and Last of the Great Game Preserves

*Continued from page 136*

the "wild city hunters" from New York wish for more days in this Sea Island retreat, which is the first as well as the last of the great game preserves of the North American Continent.

Within one hour from this camp, with its extensive variety of wild game along the historic inland waterways where Oglethorpe at Bloody Marsh turned the tide that gave North America to the English, is a magnificent Cloister Hotel, built according to the last minute details and most modern details, providing luxurious comforts and conveniences, located near the historic King's Retreat. It is a veritable retreat itself, nestling among the old plantations that made Sea Island Cotton famous.

The expedition was arranged under the direction of Mr. Charles F. Redden, the general vice-president and general manager of the Sea Island Company, whose broad experience and knowledge of exploitive work has already accomplished great results. Active in assisting him in this rather noteworthy exploring party was Mr. William H. Rankin of New York. The modern explorers felt that they were privileged through Mr. Coffin's hospitality in adding to their respective "memory books" a record of merry days of friendly contact within the borders of the famous Golden Isles of Guale.

The party participated in the opening of the new and magnificent "Cloister" Hotel which Mr. Coffin has recently completed on Glynn Island, a part of the historic St. Simon's in the coastal country of Georgia. The golf course was pronounced one of the finest in the south. The picturesque clubhouse is located on the old Butler Retreat plantation with its famous lane of live oaks. It is constructed of "tabby," which is burnt oyster shells furnishing the lime. This material was used in building many missions, within canoe ride of each other from Florida along the Georgia coast begun in 1565, far antedating the famed missions of California.

The gay hunters visited Ossabaw Island owned by Dr. Torrey and historic St. Catharines, the home of Gwinnett, one of the original signers of the Declaration of Independence. They enjoyed a never-to-be-forgotten night at Sapelo Plantation with its historic associations of settlements under five flags, as a part of the early empire of Guale, named for an Indian chief.

The original Coffin family of Quakers came from this section of Georgia, and eventually moved on to Ohio where Mr. Howard E. Coffin was born. The family is related to the Hoover family of Quakers. Here was the retreat of Aaron Burr after his duel with Hamilton: the home of Fannie Kemble, famous actress, whose letters, read in Parliament, had much to do with holding England neutral during the Civil War. What a delight it was to read in Mr. Coffin's home the beautiful lines of Sydney



## Where working together is everything

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It is the aim of the Bell System that anyone anywhere in the country can pick up a telephone and talk to anyone anywhere else clearly and without delay. That is the meaning of universal service. To provide it, the means of telephoning must be uniformly good. Each of the 24 operating companies of the Bell System has full access to all the improvements and methods that are continually being made.

There are 5000 workers on the staffs of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Laboratories whose sole occupation is to develop constantly improving methods and equipment for the 350,000 employees of the Bell System to use in

serving the public. The results of the efforts are evident, not only in the extension of telephone service across the Atlantic, but in the constantly improving local and long distance service at home.

The very nature of the telephone business necessitates a single interconnected system. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company accepts its responsibility for a nationwide telephone service as a public trust.

It is fundamental in the policy of the Company that all earnings after regular dividends and a surplus for financial security be used to give more and better service to the public.

Lanier's "The Marshes of Glynn" and the thrilling records of this earliest settlement about which little is recorded in school histories, which would make volumes in themselves.

The Sea Island area being developed by Mr. Coffin in a thorough and permanent manner is sure to be discovered as a most attractive rendezvous on the itinerary of the millions of Americans who trek along the Atlantic coast from north to south with the seasons, finding every variety of climate known on this mundane sphere, that could be desired for human comfort and enduring happiness.

The personnel included E. F. Warner, Pub-

lisher, *Field and Stream*; Charles H. Graves, *New York Times*; George Boutillier, Vice-President Pennsylvania Railroad; C. F. Redden; Ray Long, President International Magazine Company; Fred Fletcher, *New York Herald-Tribune*; Robert H. Davis, *New York Sun*; Jack Pulley of New York; Joe Mitchell Chapple, Editor *National Magazine*; W. Egan, General Station Master Pennsylvania Station; E. Lynn of the N. E. A., Cleveland; W. H. Rankin of the Rankin Agency and Major John Session of the Uppercu Cadillac Corporation.

Mr. M. H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company; Mr. Kent Cooper, General Manager of the Associated Press; Mr. Roy Howard, Scripps-Howard Newspapers; Mr. Thomas R. Shipp and Mr. John Oliver LaGorce, *National Geographic Magazine*, joined the party in Washington.



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"Our Jim"

# Just Published

"Our Jim"

## "OUR JIM"

A biography of the Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the cabinets of two presidents

There has been issued from the facile pen of J. Mitchell Chapple a book that is peculiarly opportune, entitled "Our Jim." The book is a "romance." This is because the author knows his subject intimately as a man imbued at all times with the highest motives. Every page is a sermon on rectitude of conduct as between man and man, yet it savors not in the least of pragmatism. The great work of James J. Davis cannot be properly appreciated without the aid of Chapple's book, which is a biography that avoids fulsomeness and points the moral without developing into a preachment.—Western Mail, Cardiff, Wales.

Joe Mitchell Chapple has not yet reached the stage where he brings out new books as frequently as he publishes issues of the "National

Magazine," but he is fast approaching it. His latest volume is "Our Jim," a biography of the Hon. James J. Davis, who worked as a boy in the mills of Wales and later in those of western Pennsylvania, and who has been Secretary of Labor for the past eight years. Mr. Chapple supplements the story of Secretary Davis' career as a worker and in public life with an extended account of his activities in the Loyal Order of the Moose, of which he has long been director-general; and especially his great work in founding and administering Mooseheart, Ill., and Moosehaven, Fla. Secretary Davis himself has told his life story in that inspiring book, "The Iron Puddler," but Mr. Chapple tells of his achievements and his splendid humanitarian work in a way that his own modesty prevented.—John Clair Minot in the Boston Herald.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston

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# ANNOUNCEMENT

On January 1st a new "Heart Throb" book will be published

## "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People"

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Few American books are better known than Joe Mitchell Chapple's old, original "Heart Throbs" series. The story of their success is a testimonial to the "heart interest" of the American people. Their sale has reached millions.

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When you read "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People," you look into the innermost recesses of the hearts of the great men and women of this generation.

*The friendly book you have been waiting for!*

### CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON

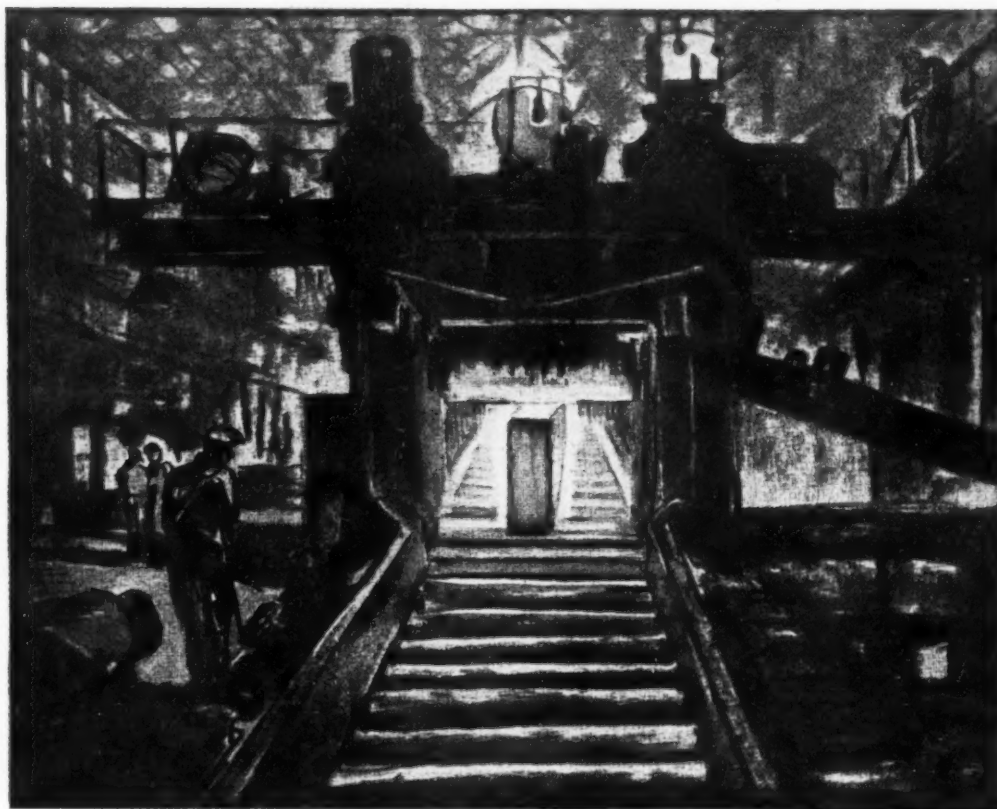
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ROLLING A WHITE-HOT INGOT IN THE ARMCO MILLS

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**R**UST is fire! Metal burns too slowly to see; but the waste rust-fire lays is staggering. Every year it consumes industrial equipment worth millions; shuts down busy plants for costly repairs; cuts profits.

The Armco mills have been fighting rust-fire for all industry—by making iron so pure that it resists rust effectively. Armco ingot iron is practically free from the impurities that hasten rust in steels and other irons.

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**ARMCO**  
INGOT IRON  
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material. Moreover, this pure iron is unusually ductile and easy to work.

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*Robert Lee Bullard!*

Lieutenant General  
Robert Lee Bullard

"General de Braack, one of Napoleon's greatest cavalry leaders, said: 'Smoke yourself and teach your men to smoke. It will comfort you and them under the greatest strain.' One hundred years after de Braack, one million Americans fighting at the front in France and smoking Lucky Strikes found it to be true. Of course, I say reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet. An army man must besides keep fit and not be overweight."

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"REACH FOR A LUCKY  
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

# "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.



Lieutenant General  
Robert Lee Bullard,  
who was in command of  
2nd Army, A. E. F. on  
Armistice Day,  
November 11, 1918



Reach  
for a  
Lucky  
instead  
of a sweet.



# Why try to Heat all Outdoors?

*You can reduce heat leakage,  
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year 'round home comfort in  
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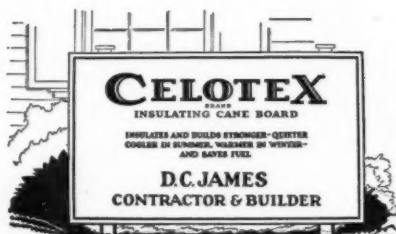
**H** EAT leaking roofs and walls waste fuel, create extra furnace labor, increase household worries. They cause discomfort and endanger health by making rooms cold, hallways draughty and floors chilly and damp.

Ordinary building materials do not offer enough resistance to this wasteful heat loss. A special material is required—one that has superior qualities of insulation.

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Today these fibres are interlaced into strong durable boards of Celotex... boards that build as well as insulate—that replace other materials.

Everywhere Celotex Standard Building



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able living quarters in summer, even with an oven-baking temperature outside!

Find out all you can about this remarkable fuel-saving and comfort bringing material. Ask your contractor, architect and lumber dealer. Or write direct to us, and ask for the Celotex book, "Year 'Round Comfort and

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These Sections Are of Equal  
Insulation Value



#### Relative heat-stopping values

Cross-sections show why Celotex is needed as insulation back of wood, brick, plaster and concrete... As a heat stop, Celotex is 3 times as effective as wood; 8 times plasterboard; 12 times brick; 25 times concrete. (Data compiled from tests published by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers Guide, 1928)

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BRAND  
INSULATING CANE BOARD

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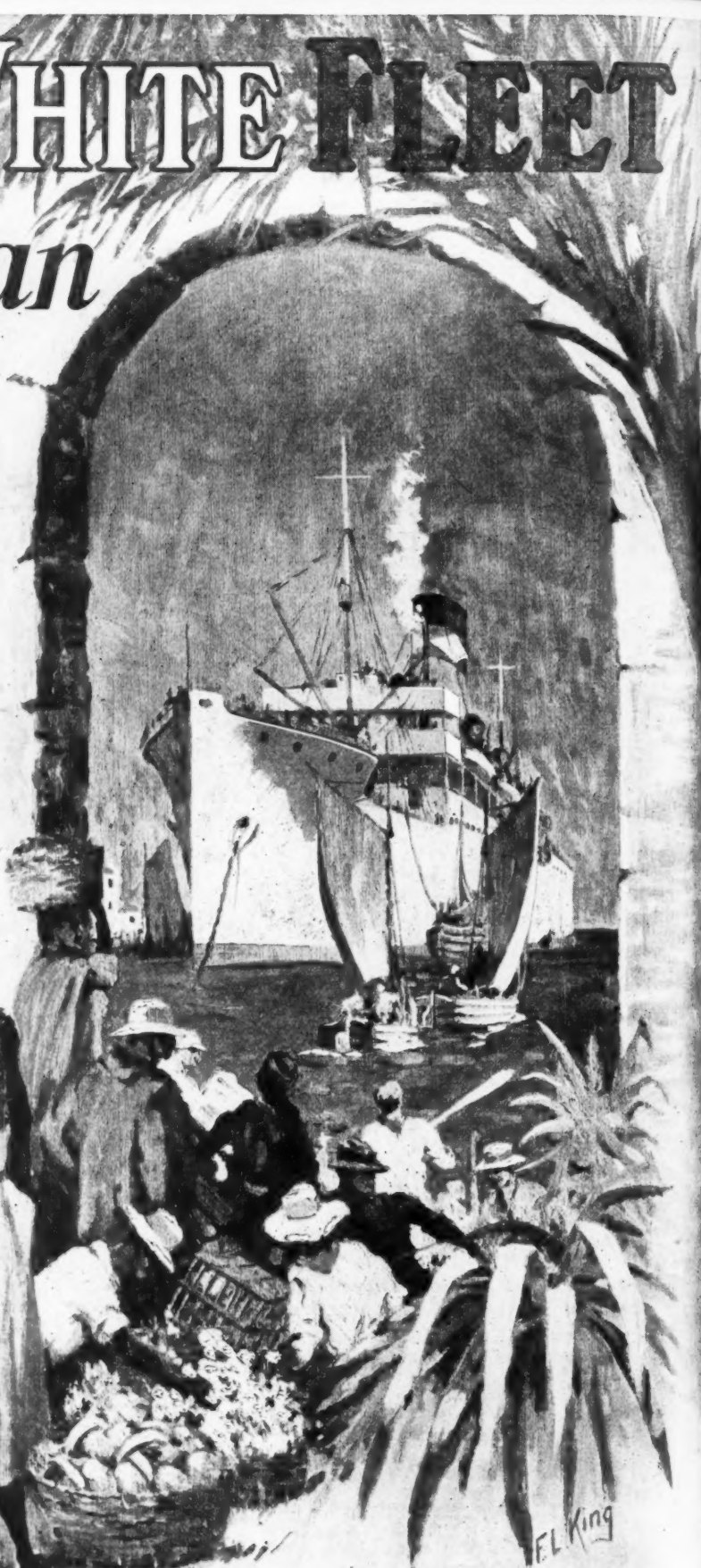
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# Christmas Bells Still Ring in Human Hearts

An answer to the challenge that "Christmas is going out of date" by readers of the NATIONAL Magazine representing nearly every state and all activities of American life

[Every mail brings belated messages which arrive too late to appear in this symposium of Christmas greetings]

The National Magazine Editor's Christmas Review

AT no other time of the year do humans loom up so lovingly as distinctive individuals—as at Christmas time. From the tiniest tot to the oldest in years all should receive some remembrances. It is all for you and for me—these festivities commemorating the birthday of the Christ. Above all things He stands out as the supreme Individual of all time—born into the world. His message from first to last was a plea for human beings as individuals.

The more people are massed into large nations and great corporations, the more clearly defined become the rights and benefits of every human being. The custom of gifts inspired by the Christmas thought is the basis of the ideals and objectives towards which we are progressing. A gift signifies grace, generosity and gratitude, even God's goodness. The world is discovering that real gain cannot come except

by giving. At Christmas time we instinctively hark back to the thrills of childhood and the ever-welcome scene described in "Twas the Night Before Christmas" that strikes the magna chord of friendliness and kindness. Hanging the stocking, the mystery of Santa Claus enhaled in the memory of Mother's smiles and Father's beaming face are tender and sweet. The

Christmas dinner, the unexpected gifts, the generous distribution of candies, nuts, and sweets taught us early in life the lessons of giving and unselfishness. The glow of the Christmas tree, the tinsel, the beat of the drum, the little red wagon, the vision of life unfolded, and the toys, all bring us back to the common heart touch of the Christ-life. In the tingle and glow of a "Merry Christmas," eyes sparkle with the glow of the soul within—the soul of goodness, and renews that hope that "springs eternal within the human breast."

For years I have looked forward to the Christmas number of the magazine or newspaper which I have edited with the same anticipation, with the same zest and joy, with which I anticipated Christmas as a child. There come to the editorial desk at this time letters and manuscripts that fairly gleam with happiness. That is why the personal messages, coming straight

## Thomas A. Edison's Tribute to The National

My dear Mr. Chapple—

You ask me to send a Christmas message for your readers. This is almost like gilding the lily, for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE carries the Christmas spirit throughout the year.

However, I comply with your wish and send to you and your readers a hearty greeting, together with the old-fashioned wish of a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THOS. A. EDISON.



## General Pershing's Greeting

My dear Mr. Chapple—

What makes you think Christmas is going out of fashion? How sad for us all it would be if there was neither Christmas nor Santa Claus. What else could stir in our hearts those kindly sentiments toward mankind that lift us above the struggle and the strife of every-day existence? Nothing else! The world needs both.

JOHN J. PERSHING.



## The N. Y. Central President Responds

My dear Mr. Chapple—

At this season, when men put aside their cares while they try to make others a little happier, I take this opportunity to extend Christmas greetings to you, who do so much to disseminate good cheer throughout the year in the pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

At the same time I should like, if I may, to offer to your many readers my best wishes for their happiness and prosperity.

P. E. CROWLEY.



## Irvin Cobb Sends "All a Democrat Can"

My dear Mr. Chapple—

To the editor and the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE I send my cordial Christmas greetings.

In view of what happened in this country on election day, you'd hardly expect that a Democrat would be able to send anything else for Christmas.

IRVIN S. COBB.

## Labor Leader Remembers Golden Rule at Christmastide

Organized labor greets the American public on this Christmas Day with every sincere wish for peace, prosperity and happiness. May the full meaning and significance of Christ's natal day sink deeply into the hearts of all men and kindle into a burning flame a purpose to "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." When that spirit directs the conscience of employer and employee alike, then, and not until then, will those who toil receive just recognition.

JOHN L. LEWIS.



## "Our Jim" Davis, Secretary of Labor, Sends Hearty Message

Dear Joe—

It is indeed a pleasure to extend to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE a word of Christmas Greeting at this glad time of the year. It is also a pleasure at this time to extend a word of similar greeting to the editor of the magazine and wish you success and happiness throughout the coming year.

I feel confident that the coming year will hold in store many fine things for all of us, and to the readers of this magazine I extend my best wishes and a hope that they will share abundantly in continued good health, prosperity and happiness. This is a great world we are living in, and I am certain that it will continue to improve as time goes on. More and more, as men come to live their lives within the spirit of the Golden Rule, we draw closer to that day when we shall truly have peace on earth and good will amongst all men.—JAMES J. DAVIS.

## United Drug President Adds a Touch for the New Year

The Old Year is almost spent, and again we face the beginning of a New Year, whose pages are yet white and on which will be written the history of our Country and its people. May we look forward with hope, appreciating the blessing we have in living in this glorious Country of ours; and may our days be filled with blessings which rightfully belong to us. May they hold for us the fulfillment of things longed for. May burdens be lifted and strife be lessened, and may our people enjoy a New Year full of health, peace and happiness.

L. K. LIGGETT.



## A Former Three-Department Cabinet Officer Rejoices in the Yuletide Spirit

In the year now drawing to a close our people as a whole have enjoyed abundant prosperity. Perhaps at no other time in our history has our material well-being been so high. For this we are deeply grateful; but the real test of the worth of prosperity is in the way it reacts upon the national character. In the midst of the rejoicing that naturally comes at this season of the year let us make sure that we have kept unimpaired those spiritual qualities that alone make a people great. In this way only can prosperity be the true handmaiden of progress.

To the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE I send greetings and best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

from the heart of friends, greetings for the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE are so deeply appreciated. It has been a custom that has lingered on through the years, since the days when William McKinley, then President of the United States, found time to take his pen in hand and give greetings to the readers of the new magazine which

he named. The responses that have come from so many busy men and women indicate a reassurance of that universal prevailing impulse at Christ-time to extend good wishes and good will toward all mankind. The Christmas greeting that came with the stars of Bethlehem still remains the great ideal—an ideal that is becoming

a reality in the peace pact which has definitely outlawed war and definitely declares for peace on earth to men of good will.

Christmas 1928 finds us nearer to the fulfillment of the message heralded by the angels before whom the wise men bowed in humility and thanksgiving, than ever before in the history of man.

#### The Maker of Fountain Pens Sends a Written Greeting

My dear Joe,

Christmas to me, and I think to many others, is sort of a clearing house; that is to say, we endeavor, as far as possible, to eliminate all of the bad we have collected and think of things higher and more spiritual and to exemplify as far as possible "Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men."

GEORGE S. PARKER.



#### Irving Fisher Sees the World Improving

At this season of the year our thoughts center about the message of Peace and Goodwill which Christmas signifies. We may look forward with confidence to a New Year in which Peace shall prevail throughout the world. In international relations the Kellogg Peace Pact promises to have a lasting influence in abolishing hatred and strife; for we feel certain that it will be accepted by Europe and Japan and ratified by the United States Senate.

In the realm of industry the cause of peace is also advancing. Employers and workers are learning that their interests, while not identical, have more in common than they have in opposition. The principle of coöperation in place of conflict is winning out with both employees and employers in this country. In other countries as well there is evidence that industrial differences are being adjusted by conference rather than by strike and lockout.

Progress toward the settlement of political and industrial problems, both national and international, is slow, but the world is moving toward this goal.

IRVING FISHER.



#### E. F. Albee, Vaudeville Pioneer, Sees Kindliness as True Yule Spirit

A Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year to all.

Christmas is a good time for expressing our heartfelt appreciation for any improved condition, either as to mere ethics or in helping the unfortunate.

I am sure that the Great Master, whose life and wonderful achievements particularly are called to our attention during this time, the Holy Celebration of His Birth, rejoices with humans.

The fortunate should look after the unfortunate, in order that peace and prosperity shall reign. Let us pause in our daily work and cares and see to it that the other fellow receives consideration. Under these principles, conscientiously and liberally carried out, Christmas will become the expression of the ideals and intent of the great lesson taught by the One who sacrificed His life that the world might be a better place to live in.

E. F. ALBEE.

#### From August Heckscher, the Friend of Children

In your request for warm-hearted endorsement of the occasion and in your effort to bring some happiness and sunshine into even the drabdest surroundings, you have my warmest sympathy and enthusiastic endorsement.

Nothing succeeds like the glad hand that is extended to the unfortunate.

A. HECKSCHER.



#### Hamlin Garland Still Wants His Christmas Tree

Dear Mr. Chapple—

For twenty-five years without a break we have had a Christmas tree in our home. Our daughters have looked forward to "Christmas Time" with rapturous expectation and remembered them afterward with satisfaction. No expenditure of care, time and money has ever yielded more pleasure to us all, and my word to your readers is one of advice: Make your children happy in holiday time and you will lay up treasure for your old age. It is not a matter of expensive presents, it is all in the way you do your part. Remember that the world begins anew with every child. Make time a laggard for a week. Rejoice with your children in their admiration for the universe they have inherited.

HAMLIN GARLAND.



#### Arthur Brisbane Expresses a Wish for Old and Young

Dear Mr. Chapple—

I have your letter. I think that the best Christmas wish for old people is that they may take life quietly and enjoy it peacefully and for young people that they may work hard and make themselves independent while the opportunity offers.

A. BRISBANE.



#### Paul Harris, Founder of Rotary, Calls for a Holiday Accounting

We occasionally find ourselves looking through our glasses for them; they are so near that we fail to see them.

And so it is with our blessings; they are frequently obscured from vision while we have them. When they are gone beyond recall, we try to conjure them to our fancy, "the touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is stilled," and at such times we are prone to take account of our own past actions, thanking God for every little kindness extended loved ones in the days gone by and charging ourselves with every needless pain afflicted. Christmas is a good time to accumulate credits for the inevitable day of accounting.

PAUL P. HARRIS.

#### Senator T. J. Walsh of Montana Sends Greeting

Let us all try to emulate the example of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE and entertain the Christmas spirit all the year around.

T. J. WALSH.



#### From Katherine Lee Bates, the Composer of "America the Beautiful"

My dear Mr. Chapple—

I trust that it is not too late to extend to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE my good wishes for the New Year. I hope it will bring to us, among other precious gifts, a renewed interest in our neighbors south of the Equator, and a high resolve that so far as our individual efforts can avail no wrong shall be done under shelter of the American Flag. I have been much in Spain, and I love the Spanish peoples. I hope that a real friendship and a great friendship is to be the ultimate outcome of Mr. Hoover's goodwill tour.

Yours in the faith of Bethlehem,

KATHERINE LEE BATES.



#### Good Wishes from Governor Ritchie of Maryland

Dear Mr. Chapple—

I extend greetings and wishes for the happiest kind of Christmas to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. I hope the day may be one of cheer and good-will and happiness, which will extend throughout the New Year.

Very truly yours,

ALBERT C. RITCHIE.



#### Encouraging Words from Former Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr.

Dear Mr. Editor—

Judging from appearances and from all accounts the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is prospering. This is as it should be. Christmas is almost at hand and I am sending you this message of congratulation and best wishes as a sort of Merry Christmas offering. I remember well our talks when you were embarking upon your present undertaking, and especially the fine ideals which possessed you then and which you have lived up to as an editor ever since.

J. W. WADSWORTH, JR.



#### Appreciation from Mrs. Larz Anderson

The very best of wishes to Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple for a pleasant and jolly Christmas. While I am not an inveterate magazine reader, I always have a good look at the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for it gives me information on politics and people and just the sort of things that I am interested in and like to know about.

ISABEL ANDERSON.  
(Mrs. Larz Anderson)



**Ben Ames Williams Finds Inspiration in the Holidays**

Dear Mr. Chapple—

Of course I believe in Christmas, and I sometimes think, in Santa Claus, too. Christmas has been the inspiration of so many people for so many generations, that almost anything we say runs the risk of being called hackneyed. So I revert to the simplest form of all and wish your readers, one and all, "A Merry Christmas."

BEN AMES WILLIAMS.



**Lee DeForest Sends a Christmas Greeting**

The nineteen hundred and twenty-eight anniversary of Christmas finds the world in general and this nation in particular in a state of peaceful contentment. Rapidly recuperating from the effects of the greatest war in history—a calamity which devoured not only the world's treasure but the cream of its young manhood as well—the nations of the earth have effected the transition from the pursuits of war to those of peace, and have set their foot upon a path of unprecedented scientific, artistic, commercial and industrial development. In the knowledge that civilization has definitely resumed its upward climb once more, we have ample cause to make merry today. And since in the process of picking up and restoring the shattered threads of international intercourse no agency has been more potent than that of radio, may I add that I am indeed grateful that I have been privileged to play a small part in the new order of things.

LEE DEFORREST.



**S. Parkes Cadman Tells Why We Rejoice**

My dear Mr. Chapple—

I gladly respond to your request that I should send you a paragraph for your Christmas number.

It seems to me that we have every reason to rejoice on this great day of the human heart because of the steady progress which the cause of Christ is making in every part of the world today. We often hear from those who take a pessimistic view of things that the sufferings through which the human race has passed during the last decade have had no compensations whatever. Surely we have but to look upon the affairs of men today as they are revealed in manifold ways to understand that a new order is facing us, bringing with it great responsibilities and equally great privileges. Every true man and woman will welcome these responsibilities and those who endeavor to discharge them will find that in such service there is perfect freedom and great delight. Therefore the Christmas of 1928 is no mere sentimental effort to cheat our gloomy fate. It registers a great and noble progress made toward peace based upon justice, and a growth of brotherhood among all men.

These must continue if we are to be prevented from further wars due to mutual misunderstanding and ignorance.

May the light that breaks forth on this twenty-fifth of December illuminate the world.

S. PARKES CADMAN.

**Royal S. Copeland Likes the Custom of Greetings**

Dear Brother Chapple—

I have read for years your Christmas greetings. They cheer my soul as they do others.

In many ways this should be the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year America has ever experienced. Our great prosperity, the low death rate, the increasing health and welfare of our people should be the cause for great rejoicing.

We have grown up as a Nation. We should become more and more mellow with our increasing years. We should be more tolerant of the views of others. We cannot think alike and as we advance in life, we come to realize this. As an aging Nation, we should bear it in mind. At Christmas time we should recall the sweetness and tolerance of Jesus. If we do that, the year to come will be happier than any other year we have experienced.

My prayer is that a sturdy body and clear brain may be the possession of every one of your readers during the year to come.

ROYAL S. COPELAND.



**"Roxy" Sends Cheery Message**

It gives me great pleasure to extend to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE my sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

S. L. ROTHAFEL (Roxy).



**Bishop Manning's Greeting**

My dear Mr. Chapple—

My hearty greetings to all your readers. I hope that this Christmas may bring to all of them great happiness and blessing, and that each one may do his part to spread the Christmas spirit of kindness, brotherliness and good will.

WILLIAM T. MANNING.



**A Common Peace and Prosperity the Watchword of Civilization**

This is the time of year when the minds and hearts of the American people are focused upon a common thought—one of benevolence and peace. Our Christmas greetings are heartier this year, perhaps, than ever before. The past has been kind to us, has brought us prosperity and promise for the future, and has given us an abundance of good things. Not the least of these gifts is Good Will to our fellow men which has become more than a seasonal greeting. It has become a basic reality without which we could never have attained to the high standard of life that is ours. Whether it go by the name of co-operation in industry, generosity in our social life, or justice and tolerance in our Government, it has become the watchword of civilization. Each Christmas has brought us nearer and nearer to a universal appreciation of that spirit. We may be confident that as time goes on it will transcend all national barriers and come to bind the people of the earth closer than ever in a common peace and prosperity.

C. M. SCHWAB.

**Director of the Veterans Bureau Sends Special Message to Disabled Veterans**

My dear Mr. Chapple—

I thank you for this opportunity of sending to the readers of NATIONAL MAGAZINE my best wishes for a very Merry Christmas, and for the New Year good health and happiness.

As Director of the Veterans Bureau, the government agency for veteran relief, I am thinking especially of the disabled veterans whom I am privileged to serve and whose needs must always be the nation's most solicitous concern. There must be many of these among your readers, and to those who are ill I wish a speedy and complete restoration to health; to those who are able, useful work to do and the contentment that goes with the opportunity for service and self-reliance; to each and all of your readers a special message of remembrance because it is Christmas, and a hope that the New Year will be the best they have ever known.

FRANK T. HINES.



**General Edwards Sees Christmas as Time of Sacrifice**

Dear Joe—

To my mind, I have always said, Christ was the most militant character in history. He always reached his objectives and his life was one of sacrifice? What nobler example could American youth have? I always recall that poem of Emerson:

So night to grandeur is our dust

So near is God to man,  
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"  
The youth replies, "I can."

C. R. EDWARDS.



**Arthur Capper Sends National Readers Wishes for Old-fashioned Christmas**

My dear Mr. Chapple—

I like the custom of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE in opening its columns to Christmas greetings. Christmas, marking as it does the birth of the Greatest Character the world has known and emphasizing the blessings He brought to mankind, should be the happiest time of the year. It should be a time, and I believe it is, when the best there is in us seeks an outlet in service to our fellow man.

But I do not believe the true spirit of Christmas is reflected in the giving of expensive gifts and extravagant display. Rather do I believe it is best expressed through modest remembrances to friends and in spreading good cheer. For a kindly word of greeting will bring more real joy to a heart that needs it than will costly gifts to a selfish soul. I am afraid we are getting away from the old-fashioned Christmas with its family fireside gathering, wholesome associations and shouted greetings. And in doing so we are losing the finest meaning of the Yuletide season. So I am glad to send to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE a hearty old-fashioned Merry Christmas! and extend my best wishes for their success and happiness throughout the New Year.

ARTHUR CAPPER.

**A**S I sat day-dreaming in my comfortable chair by the fire, I saw in my mind's eye the fireplace in the old home; and there was I hanging up my stocking and gazing fixedly into the dying embers with a steady thought of what Santa would bring me, and what a pity that he had to soil his garments with soot as he came down the chimney!

Then my eyes wandered from the flickering shadows of the hearth to the wall above, and sought a picture there—such a picture as hangs in many a home—a little laughing, blue-eyed, golden-haired boy. What a thrill of joy the remembrance of his first Christ-

mas brings! The tiny tree, brought in and decorated with all sorts of presents and toys we knew he would like then, and the books that were a preparation for those days when "baby grows up." Hardly a year had passed over his head, but as he sat in his little chair we thought his eyes sparkled with some recognition of what all this festivity meant. And when the candles were

lighted and the tree stood forth resplendent, his little cooing was a Christmas carol that will live forever in our memories. There was the little rattle, the drum, and all the childish toys—yes, for us Baby sat in state at that Christmas tree. There were only a few Yule-tides for him—then he was taken to the eternal Christmas land.

Thousands of fathers and mothers in countless homes every year know how hard it is to give back these precious gifts; but such an offering partakes of the spirit of those who brought their treasures from the East and "came to worship."

#### **Barron Collier Declares "Peace on Earth" Most Joyful Song of the Ages**

To no other people will Christmas come more abundantly, more joyfully, more meaningfully than to the people of the United States.

Building our nation upon faith in God and faith in our fellow man, we have reached heights to which the eyes of the whole world turn.

Let us, then, make even more significant the most famous of all songs, "Peace on earth; Good will to men."

BARRON COLLIER.

#### **Senator Borah Finds National Ideal Medium for His Yuletide Greeting**

My dear Chapple—

I am very glad to join with "THE NATIONAL" in sending Christmas greetings to its many subscribers and readers.

The NATIONAL is a wholesome, patriotic magazine, and it is also always a voice for humanity. Let it carry greetings to its readers this year for the Happiest New Year of all.

WM. E. BORAH.

#### **George M. Cohan Sees 1929 as an Unopened Stocking**

It is a joy to look back upon the achievements of 1928 and like an unopened Christmas stocking to look forward to 1929. The surprises, pleasures and prosperity before us are something for which we should all be grateful. May all the world rejoice this merriest Christmas and this happiest New Year.

GEORGE M. COHAN.

#### **Roger Babson is Flattering to the Editor** Dear Joe—

Everyone has a Merry Christmas when you are around, so there's no use in wishing them one—it's unnecessary.

ROGER BABSON.

#### **M. H. Aylesworth Finds a Cure for Troubles Real and Imagined**

My dear Mr. Chapple—

If there is any one universal cure-all for our troubles and worries, Christmas, which cheers the entire world, comes nearest to filling the bill. If the Christmas spirit could be broadcast every day of this year, what a happy old world this would be.

M. H. AYLESWORTH.

#### **From a "Constant Reader" — Carl Laemmle**

On our annual holidays we have an opportunity to take stock of our advantages, both material and spiritual. Thanksgiving permits us to register publicly our gratitude to God. But Christmas and New Year's permit us to congratulate each other and to offer mementoes of these congratulations. May I offer the congratulations of a constant reader to the other readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE on this happy season of 1928. It is a gratification to me al-

CARL LAEMMLE,

President, Universal Pictures Corp.

#### **Otis Skinner Finds Christmas a Time of Mellowed Sweetness**

In the turmoil of a world torn by isms, election controversies, warring nations, radios and bad gin it is sweet relief to find the moment in which to sit down and whole-heartedly wish your readers a merrier Christmas and a glad New Year.

OTIS SKINNER.

#### **Kindly Words from Dr. Rowley, the Friend of Dumb Animals**

To the Readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE—

The Christmas gift that counts best is the gift that meets some real, personal need, but a Christmas greeting we are all glad to receive, no matter what our station or lot or condition in life. What better can I wish to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE than that every possible joy of the Christmas time may be theirs?

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

#### **Christmas Greetings to Citizens of the Land of Opportunity**

My dear Mr. Chapple—

Christmas finds us this year the most prosperous nation in the world and at the same time the most powerful. With additional influence our responsibilities always increase. In a Republican form of government it is of the utmost necessity that our people hold together and take an interest in public affairs. With us the sovereign citizen rules the country and if by any chance he should lose interest in his own government, the result would be national deterioration. Opportunities are on all hands and every child born under the American flag is permitted to aspire to the heights of glory in every line of honorable human endeavor. These opportunities have made us what we are and it is essential that they be preserved for our children and children's children. I hope and trust that the citizens of the Republic will become more and more interested in their government as the years go by. That way lies continued progress.

ARTHUR R. ROBINSON.

#### **The Clarion Christmas Call of Sousa, The March King**

Dear Mr. Chapple—

It affords me great pleasure to send my most Christmaslike Christmas Greeting, which means "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Man," to all of the readers of the NATIONAL and each of them can help a poor hard-working Editor by getting extra subscribers for his Magazine.

Christmas will never go out with fashion, as long as love of the Flag and love of the Country remains in the hearts of our people and that, I am sure, will be forever and forever.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

#### **All the Best Things . . . Heart Desires** My dear Mr. Chapple—

Extending good wishes to our friends at the season of Christmas and New Year is perhaps the best opportunity of expressing those feelings of good will which we should feel all through the year.

Therefore, let me wish for you and the individual readers of NATIONAL MAGAZINE a true realization of the meanings of Christmas and, for the New Year, all the best things that your heart desires.

CECIL B. DEMILLE.

#### **J. Montgomery Flagg Insists upon Real Christmas Spirit**

The verse or doggerel that came to my mind as having a real thrill for me was—don't laugh too loud—"The Night Before Christmas!" We have come through so many cynical years it gives me a chuckle to think what would happen to anyone in a New York night club who got up and recited that—and yet there are clinging to those illy-written lines real nostalgia of childhood—joy such as we will never know again. It is not maudlin, it is real. Am I wrong?

J. MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

#### **Oscar W. Underwood Expresses the Voice of the Hospitable South**

My dear Joe Chapple—

It gives me pleasure to receive your kind letter. I am one of those who read the NATIONAL MAGAZINE with pleasure and with profit to myself.

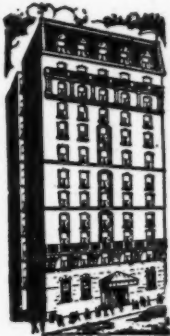
I wish you a Merry Christmas and hope that the NATIONAL MAGAZINE may grow in the hearts of its subscribers in the coming year.

O. W. UNDERWOOD.



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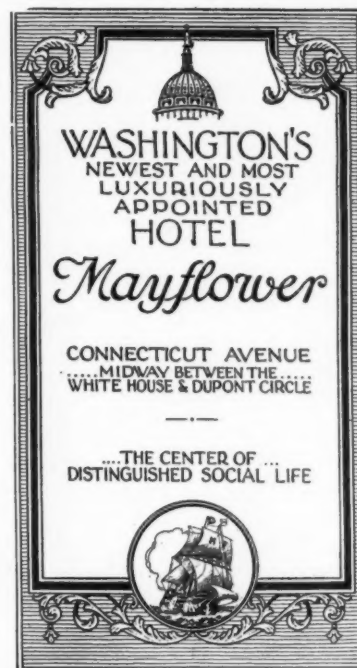
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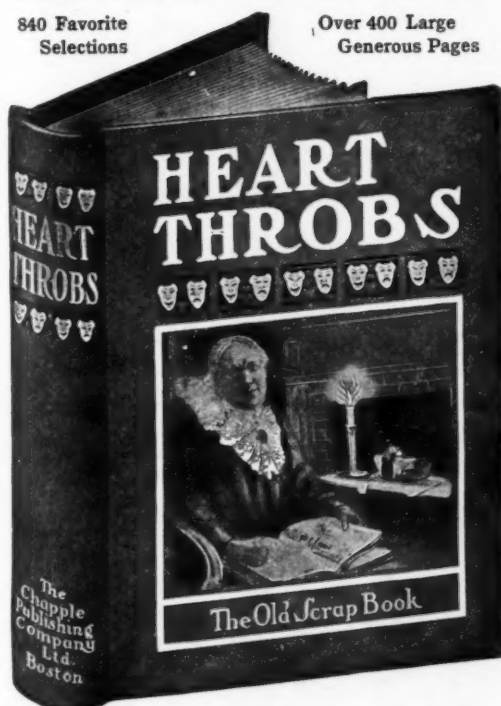
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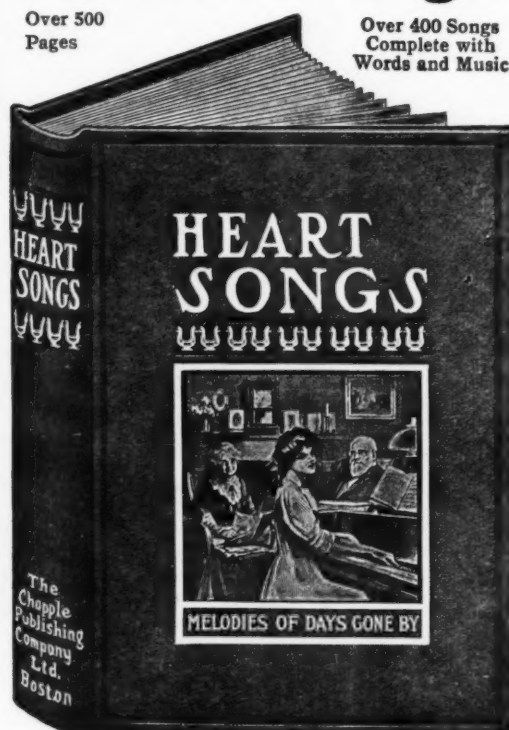
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View of Christ Church on St. Simons Island near Sea Island Beach where John and Charles Wesley preached in the early days as members of Governor Oglethorpe's colony in Georgia